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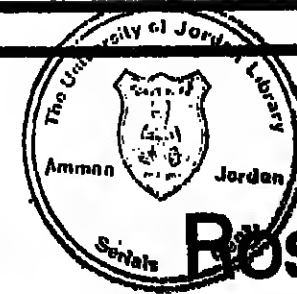
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THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE



Wednesday, September 7, 1983

Rosh Hashana, 5744



هكذا من الأصل



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Dancers of the Israel Ballet

THE FATIGUE was deeply etched on Moshe Arens' face when we met in the austere offices of the commander of the Staff and Command College on August 25.

Arens had come from a full schedule of meetings, some with visiting personalities, such as the Austrian defence minister, others on the pending redeployment in Lebanon. Earlier that day the government had decided to postpone the move scheduled for Sunday the 28th in order to give the Americans and Lebanese as much time as possible to try to find a political solution to the problems in the South.

Arens has aged perceptibly in the six months he has been defence minister. He took over from Ariel Sharon in impossible circumstances. The IDF was bogged down in Lebanon, sustaining casualties in a war no one understood, and to which there seemed no end; the IDF hierarchy had been decimated by the recommendations of the Kahan Commission; the conditions of Sharon's departure precluded an orderly transition of power, leaving Arens to find his own way through the defence labyrinth, with little or no help.

The situation on the West Bank was volatile, with riots by the local population being met by acts of Jewish vigilantism; the defence budget came up for drastic review and subsequent drastic cuts; and relations with the Americans were at an all-time low, leaving important defence decisions suspended mid-air.

Since taking office his problems have multiplied. The treaty with the Lebanese has gone awry, forcing Arens to accept the half-measure of a partial redeployment. The situation on the West Bank got worse before it got better; and the defence budget cuts have left the defence establishment reeling.

While relations with the Americans have improved, they are still problematic, and the future of the Lavi jet fighter programme — a project of intense personal interest to the minister — remains under a cloud posed by both the budget cuts and America's mercurial attitude to the project.

WE HAD plenty to talk to Arens about. Our conversation took place before Prime Minister Begin announced his intention to resign and before the withdrawal to the Awa line. The issues broached with Arens in this interview, however, are of a deeper nature than those irreversibly affected by transient political events, and the minister's statements regarding basic Israeli policy remain valid.

The men around Arens, whether they wear uniform or not, look remarkably like the minister. The overall impression one gets watching Arens in consultation with his aides before the interview is of clean-cut efficiency. Voices are controlled, decisions made calmly.

Arens listens to his press adviser Nachman Shal, outlining what he thinks the minister should say at the Staff and Command College graduation ceremony, and reads deliberately the cables brought in by his two military aides. There is some small talk, during which the minister says that he has been very impressed by the calibre of the inhabitants of Judea, Samaria and Gaza; he has met.

It was natural, however, that we start our conversation with Lebanon.

QUESTION: We are meeting six

months to the day after you assumed your position as defence minister. Would you have taken that post, had you known in advance how difficult the job would be?

ANSWER: I didn't really have any illusions that it was going to be easy, or our situation was going to be tranquil. The circumstances were very difficult. I had been asked to take the post because my predecessor, Ariel Sharon, had to resign. This was taking place at the time when the Israeli Defence Forces were involved in Lebanon. A lot of people had died in the fighting, and it was not at all clear yet how we were going to extricate ourselves from there. The government was in a tenuous position in the Knesset. So I really can't say that it suddenly became clear to me how difficult a time this was going

to be. I was aware of that before being asked to take the job.

We're meeting two weeks before this interview is going to be published, and I'd like to assume that Israel will have redeployed in Lebanon by then. We are going to be giving up all points of control on the Beirut-Damascus highway. We are also going to be giving up the proximity we had to the decision-making centre of Lebanon, Beirut, and as a result the direct influence we have over the course of events there. Was this war worthwhile?

THAT'S difficult to say, it's an almost impossible question to answer. I don't know if any war can be discussed in those terms. Maybe twenty or thirty years from now, we would be able, in a theoretical and abstract sense, to discuss this war — whether it could have been done

differently, and even whether it was worth the cost. I think, without begging the question, that the war was unavoidable. No country, no government that takes seriously its responsibilities for the safety of its civilians, can put up with a situation where there are terrorists who attack towns, villages and citizens from across the border.

You can look back and say that in 1916, when Pancho Villa took control of sections of Mexico and the central government lost control, and when civilians in Texas were threatened, it did not take long for the U.S. president, Woodrow Wilson, to send his army deep into Mexico. You can ask yourself what would Israel do if the PLO were to take over the Jordan, or part of Jordan, or were to begin again terrorizing towns in the Beit Shean Valley and the Jordan Valley.

That did happen in the late Sixties and in 1970, but we never went in American to solve the problem.

IF HUSSEIN had not ousted the PLO we might have gone in if there had been a continuation of bombardments of Beit Shean, and parents started saying: "We can't justify keeping our children in the area." I think that it's not too far-fetched to think that we would have taken action there...

But look at the cost of this war, at the 517 lives lost, the 3,000 men injured, the damage to Israel's reputation and the civilian casualties on the other side. We are leaving before there's a strong central government in Lebanon, and leaving before the Syrians have moved one inch. You look back and you have to ask yourself: would you have done this; were we correct in launching this war?

THE MOST IMPORTANT thing to look at is whether the people in the northern part of the country are living in shelters, or living a normal life above ground. You know the answer. That is the most important thing. You cannot leave a section of the population living in shelters. I was chairman of the Foreign Affairs and Defence Committee two-and-a-half years ago, and representatives of towns and villages and kibbutzim in the Galilee came to the committee, and they said the shelters were not sufficient. The shelters were fine against air raids, but they were definitely not satisfactory for living in for protracted periods under ground — which is what a lot of people in the Galilee were faced with when the constant Katyusha and artillery attacks before the war. Israel just doesn't have the economic resources to build cities underground, to build supermarkets underground. It was a truly insufferable situation.

I think Israel had no alternative. You might say, in retrospect, that we could have moved faster, slower, not come into this area, or gone out of that area. I'm sure there's no war in which, in retrospect, you can't find some things that could have been done and might have been done differently.

Also, an important goal at the time was that one day a government in Beirut that is fully stable and friendly to Israel, will ensure that there will be no hostile activities from Lebanon against Israel.

The Syrian presence in Lebanon is making it more difficult for a stable government to exist in Beirut, and for a stable government in Beirut to carry on reasonable, peaceful relations with us. But, I would say, it's not a lost cause yet. We have decided on a redeployment that will remove us from Beirut, but we remain the biggest supporters of the Jemayel government — and will continue to be the biggest supporters apart from Mr. Jemayel himself.

However, the benefits derived from being in Beirut were not balanced by the very great cost of making that effort — the cost in lives, and the economic cost as well. So we decided — and I think we decided correctly — that this was a burden we were not ready to bear. Hopefully, the Multinational Force will bear some of that burden, and hopefully, Mr. Jemayel and his government will show the kind of leadership that will maintain him in power, and free from Syrian domination. If that turns out to be the case, then most certainly we've done the right thing.

(continued overleaf)



The Arens angle

Defence Minister Moshe Arens explains his point of view on the basic military and security issues, in an exclusive Rosh Hashana interview with The Post's HIRSH GOODMAN.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1983

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE FIVE

هكذا من الأصل

How permanent is this temporary redeployment?

WELL, IT'S NOT permanent at all, certainly in terms of our intentions. I told people in Beirut, when I recently visited there, that those who talk about the redeployment on the Awali being a step towards the partition of Lebanon are creating that perception. Maybe they have some ulterior motives when they say that, because they should certainly know that that is not our intention. But we would like to withdraw to the international boundary — to the Metulla-Rosh Hanikra line. But we will not return to that line until we have a reasonable assurance that the areas we evacuate will not be filled by elements hostile to Israel. In that sense, the withdrawal to the Awali was a reasonably easy decision for us, because even if worst comes to worst, and the Lebanese government is not capable of controlling the areas that we leave, and the PLO does go back in there, it's going to be unpleasant for the IDF sitting on the Awali.

The Austrian minister of defence said he was told by Syrian Defence Minister Mustaph Tlas that 24 hours after the Israelis withdraw from all of Lebanon, the Syrians will be on top. Don't you think we should take him at his word and guarantee its implementation by an implied threat if he fails?

HE TOLD ME the same story. I'd put aside the threat business, although we do have some people in Israel who try to engineer a policy towards Syria based on doctrines and red lines, where we take a position, but we still throw down a gauntlet and back up our positions with threats about what we will do if the other side does not abide by the rules (we) set down.

My feeling is that that is the best way of going to war. Doctrine is not a very good way of making policy. We have to be a lot more pragmatic and a lot more flexible, than just drawing lines down on paper.

So to tell you the truth, it's not my style of thinking — or policy-making — to be planning on telling the Syrians that "if you do one thing, it's okay, and if you don't, you better watch out." I think you need a lot more freedom of maneuver than that kind of statement gives us.

But I think really the answer to the question — on whether they will leave or not — is that if you believe that, you don't know the Syrians. The Syrians have no intention of leaving Lebanon 24 hours after we leave; they probably have the intention of taking over all of Lebanon 24 hours after we leave. It's not a matter of finding a face-saving formula for the Syrians to leave, as I think was the concept in Washington a few months ago.

The Syrians today occupy 57 per cent of Lebanon. In the past they occupied all of Lebanon. What they are looking for today is not to get out; they're looking to recover lost ground.

The Syrians fed Ambassador Philip Habib a line for many months, during the Israeli-Lebanese negotiations. Some people have forgotten it now. Israel told Mr. Habib that he should be taking some trips to Damascus and conducting parallel negotiations between Lebanon and Syria, so that there would be a simultaneous withdrawal of Syrian and Israeli forces. He said he had been to Damascus, and he'd been given absolute assurances that once Israel and Lebanon signed, the Syrians would move out as well. But when we came right down to the signing,

they began to be a little doubtful about whether it was a 95 per cent assurance, or a 90 per cent assurance, and within two weeks the 50 per cent confidence became zero confidence.

And it remains at zero? Are the Syrians never going to leave?

AT THIS STAGE of the game, I'd say it is zero, in terms of the Syrians leaving of their own free will. There is probably no case in recent history where an Arab army has freely left territories they had occupied.

By that I don't mean to say that, therefore, the Syrians will be in Lebanon forever. I tell you, and I told my American colleagues and some Lebanese as well, that if the circumstances are created where the Syrians feel that they are under pressure; where you create a system of disincentives for them to stay in Lebanon, or maybe they come to the conclusions based on their own interests that they'd be better off getting out than staying in, then maybe they'll move.

This will take some extensive effort over some time.

The Lebanese government will have to be the main actor in this drama. They will have to tell the Syrians that they demand that Syria leaves, thereby ripping off the screen of so-called legitimacy that the Syrians have surrounded themselves with.

So why doesn't Jemayel do it?

YOU KNOW, he's done it, but not as emphatically as he should have.

The Arab League and some of the Arab leaders, like Hussein and President Mubarak, have said something about the Syrians leaving, but there's not been a clear-cut demand — and probably won't be unless Jemayel himself becomes insistent. If he does he will probably get the support of the surrounding Arab countries. After all this is not the kind of precedent that most Arab leaders would like to see — that one Arab leader can send his army into the territory of another Arab leader and have it remain there.

If the Lebanese people mount some kind of a campaign of civil disobedience, or maybe even some military activity, directed against Syrian occupation forces, and in addition, the Syrians themselves see that the only way to get the Israeli Army away from the position of 23 kms. from Damascus is for them to move out as well, then maybe they will come to the conclusion they are better off leaving Lebanon.

So from everything you say, we can expect to be there for a long time to come.

THAT I DID NOT say, and I will repeat what I think I said at the beginning of our talk: that our intentions are to withdraw to the international boundary in a phased manner, as long as we can be assured that hostile elements will not enter the area that we evacuate and that the Lebanese army will be able to control these areas.

In other words, there could be another Israeli partial withdrawal without the Syrians leaving? ABSOLUTELY. If it becomes clear in the next few months, after withdrawal to the Awali River, that the Lebanese Army takes control of the area we evacuate, keeps control of it, that the PLO and the Syrian-backed forces don't enter the area or take control of it, we will give very serious consideration to

continuing to withdraw. The only thing it that it depends on is us being convinced that we can maintain the safety of the civilian population in the northern part of the country.

I'd like to leave Lebanon and speak about Judea and Samaria. The reactions to reports of Jewish vigilantism may be exaggerated, but are there grounds for concern? Are we faced with a Jewish terrorist underground?

WE ARE NOT discounting it. It is not known who carried out the attack against the Arab mayors. And we do not know who carried out the murder of the three students and the wounding of many more, in the Islamic College in Hebron. I don't want to believe that it was done by Jews, in fact it is hard for me to believe that any civilized person, Jew or Arab would have done it. But I'm not discounting the possibility (that Jews did it). If it turns out that it is a probability, rather than just a possibility, it's very serious, and we will have to deal with the situation.



How do you explain the lack of success of the security services in tracking down the culprits?

YOU ARE DEALING with two specific, very severe, cases. We've not found the answer, and again, I said, we do not know who did it. Over the years, it's well known that the Israeli security services built itself primarily, almost solely, to fight Arab terrorism. If it turns out that we have Jewish terrorism as well, and if I have anything to do with it, they will get to work, and get themselves organized to deal with this as well.

You haven't yet told the security services to set up a unit to examine this specific problem?

I AM NOT saying that at all. The security services have been told to find the perpetrators of both these crimes. Personally, you know, I am not the man in charge of this. The attack on the Arab mayors was carried out long before I became defence minister. I've been more involved with the issue of the murders at the Islamic College, and I am doing everything I can. I have conveyed my views to the people in the security services, that it is their job to apprehend the criminals, regardless of whether they are Jews or Arabs.

But there have been other overt acts of hoodlums, like the burning of the yeshiva in the market, where there's responsibility, have not been apprehended, even though it's quite clear here who was behind them?

IT'S DIFFICULT to have a biased view of events of this sort. We all have our prejudices and we all have our prejudices. The

question that disturbances in Judea and Samaria are far more widespread among Arabs than among Jews — no question about it. There was a time, back in March, when I would say it was really dangerous to drive on the roads of Judea and Samaria. To this day, we have a number of incidents a week where rocks are thrown, and we don't have that from the Jewish population. You might just as well ask me: "How come you haven't apprehended all the people throwing the rocks, and how come you have not been able to put an end to it?" It's a good question, and I don't have the answer — although we are making serious efforts in that direction.

Some people talk very glibly about being able to deter these kinds of actions by using very severe and possibly excessive punishments. It's not been true when it comes to people stealing from homes in Tel Aviv, and I'm not sure it's true when it comes to people who throw rocks on the roads. So I'll say first of all, the ratio of disturbances caused by Arabs as opposed to those caused by Jews is, unfortunately, way in favour of the Arabs. Next, I would say it is not true that in no case of Jewish disturbances or violations of the law in Judea or Samaria have there been apprehensions. There have been cases where Jews have been apprehended — both army people who have violated army law in their performance of their duties as soldiers, and civilians who have violated civilian law. And we've had people brought to justice. We've had people tried and we have people in prison.

But somehow there does seem to be a disproportionate severity when students from Birzeit go to jail for a year-and-a-half for demonstrating, and there isn't reciprocal justice for Jews in the same area. WHEN I CAME to Hebron on a visit a few days after the killing in the Islamic College, I was met by a crowd of very excited, I would say, hysterical Jews. I suppose, most of them were settlers in the area. One of the things they screamed at me was that very day a Jewish settler had received a 12-month prison sentence, because he had fired in the air. So there's something on both sides of the fence.

Since you took over as defence minister and accepted practical responsibility for the running of the areas, have you not found a certain disparity between the theory and the practicality, the desirability of retaining these areas?

I WAS CONVINCED, before I took the position of defence minister, that the very existence of Israel would be at stake, would be in danger, and the physical security of the people living in Israel would be in danger, if we lost control over Judea and Samaria. I am just as convinced of that at the present time. As to extent to which I can look into the future and ask myself, what will the ultimate status of Judea and Samaria be, I believe there are basically only two alternatives: Israeli sovereignty or Arab sovereignty — although many people would like to square the circle and look for something better than either of the two because they are both problematic. And, as I told you, I think that Arab sovereignty over Judea and Samaria, whether or not it stops out being Jordanian, will ultimately be PLO sovereignty and that's a very physical and very real question of the State.

You believe that? It's not a slogan?

YOU MIGHT SAY it was a slogan if Israel had never suffered terrorist attacks against its civilian population; if Israel had never been attacked; if Israel had never been in a situation where we felt that our existence was at stake. We know the environment in which we live. In the tough conditions of the Middle East, if you are not strong, if you can't defend yourself, you go under. Look at Lebanon.

You once refused to become defence minister on the grounds that the government had returned Sinai and because you weren't completely at peace with the peace treaty with Egypt.

NOT QUITE. I did not want to be in the position of defence minister and have to carry out the evacuation of the Sinai settlements.

But basically, publicly you were opposed to the peace treaty. Do you think that your lack of faith was justified?

I WOULDN'T put it in terms of lack of faith. The peace treaty with Egypt was a gamble; I think anybody will have to recognize that. We gave away two real assets, very important assets — strategic assets and economic assets — in return for diplomatic relations in the expectation that this would set us on a one-way street of long-term stable, peaceful relationship with Egypt.

If anybody at the time had been able to say that what we would get in return would be that kind of relationship with Egypt, I certainly would not have opposed the treaty. And my guess is that you would hardly have found any Israeli who would oppose the treaty. Those who voted against the treaty simply felt that it was a bad deal, that the risk we were taking upon ourselves was just too large and that they were putting too much of our assets into that risk.

Has it paid off?

WE DON'T know yet. I'd say maybe 15 or 20 years from now we could say with some certainty whether it has paid off or not. Even if it is the sort of cold peace we have right now, I'd say, we would say, it's paid off.

But if 15 or 20 years from now we're in a position where we've been at war with Egypt in the meantime, or if we are on the verge of going to war with Egypt, then obviously it has not paid off. In the meantime we have to continue to allocate a lot of money to defence because of concern of a threat from Egypt and to counter the very large build-up in the Egyptian armed forces. Nobody, even the biggest supporters of the peace, say: "Discount that, forget that. It's of no concern to the IDF."

So I think you can only deal with the question on a relative basis. If you'd asked how they'd vote now, knowing what we know today about how the treaty would develop, my guess is that many more Israelis would have voted against the treaty.

In other words, you are not happy at all with the state of relations.

NOT AT ALL. In my view, Egypt is in clear violation of the treaty. Basically — and this is somewhat oversimplified — the treaty was one in which we gave up the Sinai and they gave us diplomatic relations on the ambassadorial level. We have given up the Sinai, but we do not have diplomatic relations on an ambassadorial level. They have recalled their ambassador. This was their *quid pro quo*, and they have clearly violated it.

Have you been in contact at all with your Egyptian counterpart?

NO. I had intended to meet with the Egyptian defence minister immediately upon taking up my position. I thought it would have been appropriate in terms of a new defence minister coming in, making regular contact. But it was the opinion of all of our experts that there was no point in even asking for such a meeting, as the Egyptians would have refused.

Wouldn't you like to put it to the test?

I WOULD NOT say there was no point. It was the opinion of all our experts, and we have people who do know the situation in Cairo, that it would be foolish to ask for a meeting. There's no point in being foolish.

It wouldn't be possible to interview you without speaking about the budget. You and people who work closely with you have stated unequivocally that if the cut is anywhere near the IS20 billion that the finance minister is asking it would mean a radically different IDF. Is this true?

WELL YOU KNOW what we have agreed to, a 16 billion shekel cut, which is a little over 300 million in the budgetary year of 1985 — that would be two years from now. This is roughly a 10 per cent cut.

I would say that there is about a third of the budget that probably nobody wants to cut. Some parts of it can't be cut — like pensions to widows and families of the deceased, and pensions to veterans. Many believe that we should not be cutting orders from the defence industries either, that in terms of Israel's economy this sector will be the most likely to produce additional exports.

That leaves you only the two-thirds that has to do with the IDF itself. And two-thirds of the total budget is what is required to maintain the IDF — to equip it, to train it, to run it — what in the United States they call operation and maintenance. So in real terms the cut ends up being around 14 or 15 per cent.

Basically, when you take an army like the IDF, and you say, let's cut the operation and maintenance budget by 15 per cent, what you are saying is, let's make the army smaller.

It doesn't mean that it has to be a proportional shrinking in all forces. You may not want to shrink the Air Force at all, and shrink the Armoured Corps by more than 15 per cent, or vice versa.

We will be looking very carefully at the basic force structure of the IDF, trying to make the IDF a more efficient, fighting force totally attuned to the modern technological era that we live in — one that is better than any armed force in the world today in adapting modern technology to modern strategy. But there is no question about it — carrying out these cuts will mean a smaller army.

Maybe the cuts weren't such a bad thing, maybe they forced the army to look at itself and to redefine itself.

THIS MAY SOUND a little self-serving. But as soon as I got onto the job, before anybody ever talked about cuts, I asked that we institute a study on the force structure so that we could see what changes have to be carried out to make it a more effective force. That was

something we were going to do anyway. Optimization of the mix.

Don't you think Israel is making a mistake by investing so much in building an industrial infrastructure dependent on military exports?

I DON'T think so, though logically it would be better if we were to hedge our bets and place our money on a number of horses. But every country should be dealing in those products in which it has a comparative advantage. That only makes good sense.

I think Israel's largest competitive advantage is in military products, because these demand advanced technology on one hand and military experience on the other. We have both of these, and thus can do a better job than most people in the world. Our weapons systems are better and cheaper than most of the competition, and that is why Israeli military exports have been so successful.

But what about the moral price tag we are paying for this success, for supplying some of the most repressive regimes on earth with weapons?

LOOK, living in the Middle East is difficult. Having to stay on your guard all the time is also difficult. Doing three year's military service is difficult. Having to serve to the age of 54 in the reserves is difficult.

Building up a defence industry in a small country is difficult, and one can only maintain it if you export — and that too is difficult.

We do not approach the problem of military exports in a totally unprincipled manner. In fact, we are probably more principled than most countries. I have been told more than once that the British find it difficult to understand how we could supply arms to Argentina, a totalitarian country that is in conflict with a democracy like Britain. Well, I have to remind these people that the largest single supplier of weapons to Argentina is Britain itself. I have also told these people that we would be glad to make a deal with Great Britain, whereby we will not sell weapons to totalitarian countries in conflict with Britain, if Britain does not sell weapons to totalitarian countries in conflict with Israel.

What do you see as your central problem, the centre of your ministerial duties, over the coming year?

THINGS CHANGE so quickly that I don't know. But I have told myself and those who work with me that there is no question that the main issue in the long run is the future of Judea and Samaria, and our relationship with the population of Judea and Samaria. If we make mistakes there, we are going to have to pay for them; if we do well there, we will benefit.

But in the coming year we will still be facing the problem of Lebanon; we will be faced with the ongoing challenge of organizing and preparing the IDF; of getting more defence for our dollars. We have the Lavi project, the largest single industrial programme in the history of the state, that is going to require a lot of attention.

So it is impossible to say where the main focus will be, but there is no question that in the long run it has to be on Judea and Samaria. Even there, judging from past experience, we will spend most of our time putting out fires rather than examining the long-term implications. But that is where the main focus should be.



המגבית המאוחדת לישראל — קרן היסוד UNITED ISRAEL APPEAL — KEREN HAYESOD

for more than 60 years, has been the prime instrument through which generations of Jews have provided vital financial assistance for aliyah, settlement, education, welfare and health services, and more recently through Project Renewal, to the people of Israel. Beyond the support to the budget of the Jewish Agency, the activities of the world family of Keren Hayesod have consistently fostered Zionism and the centrality of Israel in Jewish life.

We shall continue to fulfil our role as a major link between Israel and the diaspora. This is measured in material terms and in the sense of unity which exists wherever Jewish hearts beat.

May you, your family and the entire house of Israel be granted life and blessing in the assurance of peace.

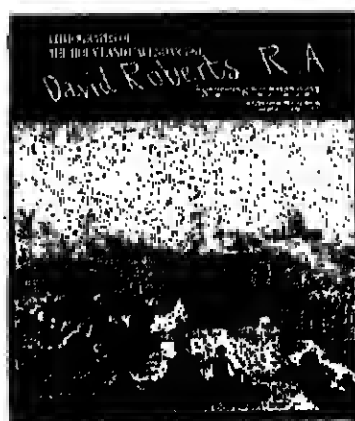
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The nationalist Palestinian identity, for the most part, was born not so much in reaction to meetings with Zionists as in reaction to their Arab neighbours in their new locations in Lebanon.

The Palestinians became the butt of Lebanese humour, the myriad jokes all being based on their poverty, homelessness and dependence on charity, but above all on their supposed cowardice.

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At first, the Palestinian refugees didn't look for steady jobs. Somehow the very fact that a job was permanent seemed to imply that they had acquiesced in their exile. They tried, at first, to make do with the help they received from UNRWA and the remnants of the money and possessions they had brought with them.

But by the end of the first winter, there was no money left. The clothes they had brought with them were worn out and the clothing and blankets UNRWA gave them just weren't enough. Even the food from UNRWA was insufficient. True, it kept them from starvation, but it was composed of only the basics — flour, oil and sugar, with powdered milk for the children. And even this seemed temporary.

In the spring, when UNRWA offered them building materials, they took them and started to build houses. Their exile had become a fact, and they started to look for work.

THE FIRST main employer of the Palestinian refugees was the aristocratic Halil family, a clan of offshoots similar to those they had known in the Galilee. The parents of many of these refugees had been serfs of the Galilee landlords, and most of them remembered the stories of how their parents had worked the land for their aristocratic masters who had them, in most cases, sold their land to the Jews, leaving their sons to shift for themselves.

The Halil clan had vast holdings

in Lebanon, most of their land not under cultivation. The labourers and serfs of the local Shi'ite population had primitive methods of farming and the yield was principally vegetables, with a little wheat. Profits were negligible.

But now there was a new population of experienced farmers, who were well versed in more modern agricultural techniques. They were energetic, and only too willing to prove their worth. Many of these Palestinians had worked for Jews and were familiar with the production of more valuable crops, particularly citrus and bananas. Within a few years, groves and plantations dotted the Lebanese coastal strip.

Most of the farms along the coastal road, so similar to the farms of the Galilee, are the result of the labour of the Palestinian refugees. Before they came the area, for the most part, lay fallow, dotted only by an occasional orchard. The border of Palestinian settlement, north of Sidon, also marks the border of the intensively cultivated groves and plantations. An almost identical agricultural pattern begins near Acre and ends north of Sidon.

A bond of mutual dependence, based on expedience, was forged between the Palestinians and the offshoots. The offshoots found the Palestinians to be reliable, biddable workers who improved their holdings and enriched their coffers; the Palestinians found the offshoots to be not just an employer, but a source of protection. This shield was even more important at that particular stage than was their employment. No one in Lebanon could hope to survive without the leadership and the protective arm of a powerful hacker with a "private army."

MUCH OF the dreadful suffering of the Palestinian refugees during the late '40s and early '50s was caused by the fact that they were Palestinians, but that they were low men on the totem pole of an emergent capitalist society that is still evolving. The general atmosphere in Lebanon is of an extreme liberalism that allows maximum exploitation of the worker, who has no social rights whatsoever.

The population is divided into two definite social strata, the very rich and the very poor, even when viewed in 1982. In the '50s, this division was no less acute and the gap was even wider. The Palestinians belonged, almost exclusively, to the lower part of this division. But they weren't the only ones, for poverty among the poor Shi'ite population was no less grinding.

In fact, in some ways the Palestinians had the easier lot, for the UNRWA teams at least saw to it that they did not die of starvation. They also provided them with cheap shelter, free education and free medical services. None of this was available to the Shi'ite labourer, who was paid for his work by the day and had no social benefits. From the little they earned, they paid for everything they got.

True, the Lebanese government provided free education for all its citizens, but the school network in Southern Lebanon was inadequate, and many villages had no school at all. Even where there were schools, the level of education was miserably low. The services in Southern Lebanon were also inadequate. Water, electricity, roads and public transport were almost non-existent. The migration to other areas in search of better work, and the emigration to other countries, was not a phenomenon of the Palesti-



Birth of an identity

Relations with their South Lebanese neighbours had a profound impact on Palestinian refugees' self-image. That is one of the conclusions reached by ZVI LANIR, who made an intensive study of the Rashidiya camp during several months last summer. The first of three excerpts from a book he wrote with ELLIS DUBRONSKI describes the effect of post-1948 traumas on the development of a nationalistic Palestinian society.

nian people only. It encompassed all Southern Lebanon.

THE PALESTINIANS, in general, fared better than their Shi'ite neighbours, because they started with certain advantages. They knew more languages and were more often professionally competent; and wherever they went they found other Palestinians. The total dependence of the Shi'ites on their landed effendis was far deeper than the dependence of the Palestinians on their effendi employers. When the Palestinian finished his day's work and went home to Rashidiya, he was hardly aware of the presence of the effendi. He was among Palestinians and lived under the internal Palestinian discipline. Not so the Shi'ite, who not only depended on the effendi for his sustenance, but was irrevocably bound to him in the political sense.

The original Shi'ite settlers in Southern Lebanon did not try to hide their envy of the Palestinians. Nor did the Palestinians try to conceal the fact that they felt superior to the Shi'ites, whom they regarded as a spineless, passive lot who did not even bother to educate their children. This situation increased the tensions between the two groups and deepened, in the Palestinians, their feeling of national identity.

In time, the external signs of difference were largely obliterated. The Palestinians born in Lebanon no longer spoke with a strange accent and the women discarded their traditional dress in favour of the local garb. They also found a certain common language with their Shi'ite neighbours and, through their work, even forged bonds of friendship. But the tensions persisted and even became more severe as the economic situation of the Palestinians improved. The Shi'ites envied the Palestinians and the Palestinians felt frustrated by their ignominious position as second-class citizens, as compared to the Shi'ites, to whom they felt infinitely superior.

AT FIRST, the government of Lebanon viewed the Palestinians as temporary guests, and took care that they should not become permanent boarders. Even after some years, when it was obvious even to the Palestinians, let alone the government, that they were not a temporary phenomenon, the government did not change their view. They did not make any alterations in law or policy that would in any way legalize the Palestinian presence.

In fact, the only official action by the government vis-à-vis their new and unwanted settlers was in the field of internal security. They set up an office of the Internal Security Service at the refugee camp, with the explicit duty of preventing any organization of the Palestinians at any level other than family and clan. A Lebanese clerk was installed at the camp and all municipal matters were delegated to him. The Palestinians were forbidden to elect anyone to represent them. The Rashidiya camp had no mukhtar of its own; there were only the mukhtars of neighbourhoods.

The Palestinians remember with bitterness the orders that the commanders of the camp issued from time to time. These orders were designed specifically for the Palestinians and did not apply to the general population. Thus, for instance, there was a huge fine for littering, and the fine for throwing dirty water into the street, as housewives in the Middle East are

accustomed to do after washing their floors, was equivalent to about five days' wages.

No doubt these orders were responsible, at least in part, for the extremely high level of sanitation in the camp, which cannot fail to impress the Israeli visitor to Rashidiya. The inhabitants, however, make it clear that they did not indicate any care for hygienic conditions on the part of the commandants, but were a source of income on the one hand and a way of oppressing the Palestinians on the other.

The regulations governing building in Rashidiya were equally oppressive. Palestinians were not permitted to construct cement roofs, but had to be satisfied with a shelter of galvanized tin. They were not permitted to add to, change, or build onto the side of the house facing the street. Building permits were issued only after long delays and, usually, after the payment of a bribe. Perhaps some of the building restrictions were justified, since the space available was very limited. But the same restrictions were enforced in all the refugee camps of whatever size.

THE REASONS seemed to be as much economic as political. Since the camps had been constructed in or near the cities, the land on which they stood came to increase in value and was badly needed for urban development. Once again the cries of "Palestinians out!" accompanied the periodic incursions of the security forces into the homes of those who were suspected of being political activists.

They made a habit of appearing in the middle of the night, taking the men off for interrogation, dealing out some blows here and there, and pushing everyone around. No warrant was needed to arrest Palestinians and they could be kept in prison for months without being brought to trial.

Sometimes the government would even refuse to tell the family just which prison a man was being held in. This was particularly distressing for the Palestinians who, because of a tradition of British mandatory rule, saw visits from family as one of a prisoner's inalienable rights. Bringing food to an imprisoned friend or relative was a matter of family honour. Families would often send someone to search for the person where a loved one was being held.

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Every Palestinian who had a regular job was obliged to have a work permit as well. These permits were issued for limited periods only, and for specific jobs. If a Palestinian changed jobs he had to get a new permit. A Palestinian was also

obliged to renew his permit every year.

And getting a permit was a drawn-out, complicated and often expensive bureaucratic process. To get one, a worker needed the following documents: a signed agreement with an employer; a health certificate from an authorized physician; a notarized statement verifying the details of the applicant's personal status; and a document from the local branch of Internal Security, certifying that he was not a danger to national security. With all these documents, the would-be worker then had to travel to Beirut to the Ministry of Social Affairs, the only place where the permit could be issued.

This process was so complicated and so expensive that few undertook it. In the end, most of the Palestinians with steady jobs worked without permits. This meant that they worked for less pay and were entirely in the hands of their employers.

In the course of time, most of the Palestinians learned to get around the oppressive legislations, but the more established they became, the more irksome this type of oppression was to them.

DURING THE early years, the Palestinians conducted all their outside relationships and negotiations through the Halil family. They regarded the Palestinians as an economic treasure and protected them, even acting as mediators in cases of disagreement between Palestinians and local residents. In time, the Palestinians learned that the most efficient way of getting

work permits or any other services they needed from the government was to do it through the Halils. They kept a sort of open house on a main street in Tyre and whoever needed their assistance, Palestinian or Shi'ite, could come to them.

First the applicant would pass through the barrier of private armed guards, who stood at the entrance and along the wide front balcony. There, the secretary would meet them and ask what they wanted. If it was a matter that demanded privacy the applicant would be shown into an inner room; but generally he would be directed to the large reception room where he would sit in one of the chairs lining the walls, sip a cup of coffee, wait until it was his turn to present his request to a member of the family. The latter sat at a large desk, a secretary beside him, recording every request and the decision taken on it.

A visit to the reception room was, in itself, an occasion. One could sit there and see just how well the clan took care of its subjects, who might sometimes be rewarded by a word of praise for industry, faithfulness or value.

In the course of time, the influence of the Halil family became less important in the lives of the Palestinians, but it was still a factor to be reckoned with, and it remained so until the time the Palestinian organizations gained control of Southern Lebanon. □

First of three excerpts from "Meetings in Rashidiya: Anatomy of a Palestinian Community in Lebanon," by Zvi Lanir and Ellis Dubronski, soon to be published by Bantam, Tel Aviv. By arrangement with "Davar."

GREETINGS

AND

BEST WISHES

On the eve of the New Year
we salute the People of Israel.
We hope 5744 will bring them a
fuller measure of happiness
and greater progress toward peace.

STATE OF ISRAEL BONDS

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New York, New York

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This process was so complicated and so expensive that few undertook it. In the end, most of the Palestinians with steady jobs worked without permits. This meant that they worked for less pay and were entirely in the hands of their employers.

In the course of time, most of the Palestinians learned to get around the oppressive legislations, but the more established they became, the more irksome this type of oppression was to them.

DURING THE early years, the Palestinians conducted all their outside relationships and negotiations through the Hall family. They regarded the Palestinians as an economic treasure and protected them, even acting as mediators in cases of disagreement between Palestinians and local residents. In time, the Palestinians learned that the most efficient way of getting

work permits or any other services they needed from the government was to do it through the Halls. They kept a sort of open house on a main street in Tyre and whoever needed their assistance, Palestinian or Shi'ite, could come to them.

First the applicant would pass through the barrier of private armed guards, who stood at the entrance and along the wide front balcony. There, the secretary would meet them and ask what they wanted. If it was a matter that demanded privacy the applicant would be shown into an inner room; but generally he would be directed to the large reception room where he would sit in one of the chairs lining the walls, sip a cup of coffee, wait until it was his turn to present his request to a member of the family. The letter sat at a large desk, a secretary beside him, recording every request and the decision taken on it.

A visit to the reception room was, in itself, an occasion. One could sit there and see just how well the clan took care of its subjects, who might sometimes be rewarded by a word of praise for industry, faithfulness or value.

In the course of time, the influence of the Hall family became less important in the lives of the Palestinians, but it was still a factor to be reckoned with, and it remained so until the time the Palestinian organizations gained control of Southern Lebanon. □

First of three excerpts from 'Meetings in Rashidiya: Anatomy of a Palestinian Community in Lebanon,' by Zvi Lanir and Ellis Dubronski, soon to be published by Avir, Tel Aviv. By arrangement with 'Davar.'

GREETINGS AND

BEST WISHES

On the eve of the New Year
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fuller measure of happiness
and greater progress toward peace.

STATE OF ISRAEL BONDS

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Birth of an identity

Relations with their South Lebanese neighbours had a profound impact on Palestinian refugees' self-image. That is one of the conclusions reached by ZVI LANIR, who made an intensive study of the Rashidiya camp during several months last summer. The first of three excerpts from a book he wrote with ELLIS DUBRONSKI describes the effect of post-1948 traumas on the development of a nationalistic Palestinian society.

The limits of discipline

The members of Yesh Gvul stoutly maintain that they are loyal Israelis. But they are willing to go to jail rather than do their reserve duty in Lebanon. Some of them explain why, to MARSHA POMERANTZ.

"ONCE MICHAEL, who's four, heard me use the word 'prison' on the phone. No connection to his father. He said 'Mami, why are you using bad words?' So now we don't use the word 'prison' with Michael. We tell him his father is against the war, and has to stay in a camp..."

The speaker is Neide (Nay-dee) Bánvölgyi, whose husband Robert is doing his second stint in jail — 56 days altogether — for defying an order for reserve service in Lebanon. He belongs to a loose association of selective conscientious objectors called *Yesh Gvul*, which means both "There's a limit" and "There's a border."

At this writing, 86 of them have been tried in IDF disciplinary court for their refusal to serve, and sentenced to jail. The maximum sentence is 35 days, but in recent months, five of the men have been tried and sentenced a second time immediately upon release. Bánvölgyi was the first of these.

What makes the second round possible technically is the cancellation of an order requiring 42-day advance notice for call-up. So the second notice can be delivered, more or less, at the prison exit, requiring the reservist to refuse yet again. If he can hold out, face another disciplinary court and presumably, another sentence. Sometimes, on his second call-up, he is allowed to serve within the Green Line, the pre-1967 border.

CONSCIENTIOUS objection to service in the IDF was very rare until the Lebanon war. Those who asked not to serve in the occupied territories were often neocommodated and allowed to serve within the Green Line. About 15 people went to prison for refusing to serve in the territories before the summer of '82, and another three have gone since.

So the Lebanon war, with its 86 reservists, has brought about a quiet but substantial change in attitude toward reserve service. I heard Robert Bánvölgyi's story from Neide, and spoke to four other men who have gone to prison rather than serve in what some people are beginning to call "the North Bank."

Bánvölgyi was in her large Jerusalem apartment, trying to convince Michael that he was too young to go to the grocer's alone. Andrei Draznin, when we talked, was eating meat and potatoes in a small homey restaurant in Tel Aviv, where he talks to the waitress in Russian. David Rothfield and Meir Shiffer got together at Yiftah Shavit's bar-bones Tel Aviv flat, where a cat walked over the assembled parties and two rabbits cozied up to a rack of plants.

Draznin, 30, is one of the leaders of *Yesh Gvul*. In the army, he is a medic; in civilian life, he has just finished an M.A. in clinical psychology. He was active in the leftist student group *Shah* in the early '70s. On June 5, 1982, he was at a protest



(Above) Draznin with *Yesh Gvul* poster, in form of army call-up envelope. Legend reads, "Send the soldiers home."

demonstration marking 15 years of the occupation of the West Bank and Gaza. It was clear "by 5 in the afternoon" that a war had started in Lebanon, and he was sure he wouldn't fight there.

Yiftah Shavit, 28, is a native of Kibbutz Nahal Oz in the Negev. He begins the outline of his military career with the Sinai Campaign and the Six Day War: "I spent them in a shelter," he says. That's supposed to be a joke, but no experience is more relevant than that of a child. "I can't forget the destruction and the shelling," he says.

His regular army service was in the navy, where he took part in actions he would not repeat today. Example? "The shelling of the Raahidiya refugee camp."

He now lives in Tel Aviv, makes films, and says he's "been in politics since Sharon became defense minister." When the Lebanon war started, he was switching units, taking a communications course. "I just waited for them to call me up so I could say 'No,'" he grins. He had to wait until December 1982, and was among the first to go to jail.

FOR DAVID ROTHFIELD, 42, deciding to say "No" was a longer and more painful process. Rothfield, who came to Israel from Australia in 1965, is married, has two children, works as a civil engineer, and does his army service in an infantry unit. He has been called up three times since the war started, and was opposed to it from the start. He felt it was a war initiated by Israel, not in response to a threat to the country's existence. "At the head of the defense system was an irresponsible man, a man devoid of integrity, who in his military post had violated orders, endangering those in his command."

He has more to say about the reasons for his opposition, but the

upshot was that he asked for alternative service, was told it was impossible, and sat with his unit while they were waiting to be sent into battle. When he discussed his opposition to the war, his friends in the unit were extremely hostile.

Finally, the commander had to choose some men from the unit for a specific task — taking armoured vehicles to the Phalange north of Beirut — and he chose Rothfield among them. "My feeling was that he chose me just because of my opposition," says Rothfield. But he went. "I didn't feel I could just cut myself off from society," he explains.



Neide Bánvölgyi with her two sons.

When called up again in August 1982, he chose his conscience over his obligation to the other men in his unit. His commander refused to either release him from service or sentence him for defying orders. "I said I'd go with the unit to the border, but no further."

At Kiryat Shmona he indeed climbed down from the truck. He was put in the charge of an aluf, mishne, who allowed him to return to his army base.

On his third call-up, in May 1983,

served 67 days in Lebanon at the start of the war. He owed another 23 days of service and was drafted to serve at Ansar, the Palestinian detention camp. He decided he couldn't. He appealed to a senior officer who allowed him instead to serve in Prison Six, near Atlit — where the conscientious objectors go.

The next time he was called up, he wasn't given that felicitous choice. Now he is an inmate at Prison Six.

Let that sound more ominous than necessary, I should add that when we talked, Neide was planning to take Michael to visit his father. "You don't see that it's a prison," she said. "It's open, with a lawn. There's no feeling of separation, or bars."

What is ominous is the moral choice. When, on his third call-up, Bánvölgyi asked again to serve within the Green Line, he was told there is no longer a Green Line. He said he regarded Ansar as a concentration camp, since its inhabitants are neither refugees nor prisoners, and he asked to speak to a more senior officer. His request was refused.

The family — which also includes Daniel, 1½ — feels the emotional strain of separation. Immediately after his first prison term Roby was called up again, sent on a wild goose chase seeking his unit, and finally, when he refused to go to Lebanon, jailed again. Prison service of course doesn't count for reserve service, so he still owes time in the army. He's away from his job as an investment counsellor, and his family doesn't get the usual reserve service pay. So far they don't seem to have any financial problem — but the question is how long his boss at the bank will be able to put up with Roby's demanding conscience. Current army regulations would allow him to be called up a third time; it depends on who's implementing them.

THIS ISN'T a case of objectors versus the army; they are the army. Many of them come from its best fighting units. The pain of their decisions is reflected in the response of senior officers. Some avoid taking them to disciplinary court if, at all possible or sentence them and don't impose the sentence. Some have them transferred to service in Israel.

But others send them to Lebanon just because they don't want to go, or send them to the West Bank if they refuse Lebanon. After all, how can you run an army if each man decides for himself which order to follow?

And yet, as David Rothfield points out: "Discipline is important, but as a means to improve the ability to fight. It can't replace the will to fight."

The resistance of *Yesh Gvul* is, Meir Shiffer says, "only the tip of the iceberg" — the people who

openly oppose going to Lebanon. Each time a unit is called up to Lebanon, reservists line up outside the door of the officer in charge with documents proving that they can't possibly go: they're on the verge of bankruptcy, they're deathly ill, their nerves are shattered, the wife is in labour, they're moving house. According to Andrei Draznin, 40 to 50 per cent of some units try to get out of service. So it's a general problem of morale and manpower.

The objectors make a double decision, in a sense: both to stay out of Lebanon and to go to jail for it. How do they justify their decision to refuse to cooperate with a democratically-elected government?

Meir Shiffer believes that even in a democracy, "there is a limit to what the citizens are required to do." Not only is this an unjust war, but "our lives are being endangered in a very wasteful manner." Draznin says: I didn't put my life in Beghin's safe for him to spend it as he wishes."

WHEN IS a citizen entitled to disobey the law? Draznin invokes Thoreau on civil disobedience: "When the law requires you to be an agent of injustice." The specific injustices they cite are the ones we've heard from opponents throughout the war — the bombing of civilian populations, for instance. Israel can't afford, morally or in any other sense, a war of choice, the use of force to achieve political goals — goals the prime minister and defence minister lied about.

Were Israel's other wars unavoidable? Here they cite the legendary beast Consensus, so often hunted and so seldom found. Short of a national referendum, how do you ferret it out? You can only read the sections of 86 conscientious objectors, another 2,500 or so who have signed a petition to the prime minister and defence minister asking to be allowed not to serve in Lebanon, and thousands others clutching papers that prove they are bankrupt, ill and otherwise indisposed.

Aren't the responsible soldiers of *Yesh Gvul* weakening the army by refusing to go to Lebanon? Draznin cites an article by Aluf Israel Tal in the army journal *Ma'arachot*, in which he writes that the less selective the use of the military, the smaller its strength. "To those who say we're reducing the strength of the army, I say 'Address yourselves to Rehov Balfour 4



David Rothfield, Yiftah Shavit and Meir Shiffer: "Discipline is important... but it can't replace the will to fight."

— the prime minister's residence in Jerusalem."

Doesn't such open division weaken the country in the eyes of its enemies? Says Neide Bánvölgyi: "Let them see us as they want. What concerns me is what happens here."

AS AN ORGANIZATION, *Yesh Gvul* has centres in Jerusalem, Tel Aviv and Haifa — and a sizeable representation in Rehovot. They distribute pamphlets explaining their views, arrange discussions at homes and at kibbutzim, sell buttons and shirts, collect money for newspaper advertisements, and go abroad to explain their views — "particularly to Jewish groups and at universities," says Draznin.

They were asked to attend the World Peace Movement's Geneva meeting on the Palestinians, but declined. "We didn't see any pos-

sibility of convincing people there." They have tried to convince Jewish groups abroad to support Israel, "though not the government of Menachem Begin."

They have lobbied in the Knesset and "found an attentive ear among MKs ringing from Likud to Rukh (the Communists)." Most of the interest had to do with the legal rather than political questions involved — whether a man could be sentenced twice for refusing to serve, for instance.

Yesh Gvul has recently set up an assistance fund to help families that can't otherwise afford to have a husband and father following his conscience through several months of unemployment.

But many of those who refused to serve don't associate actively with the organization. They hope that the cumulative effect of the refusal themselves will bring about change.

THE NATURE of the change will be complex. Meir Shiffer, who was not politically active before the Lebanon War, says he will now consider refusing service in the occupied territories. "Ten years ago I served twice in Gaza," he says. "Now, I wouldn't refuse all service in the territories... but I would refuse anything related to control over a civilian population — and if I didn't refuse to go altogether, I would defy certain commands."

It might be hard to run an army that way, if you think so, the conscientious objectors will say the responsibility is not theirs, but that of the leaders who assume the territories are with us for all time.

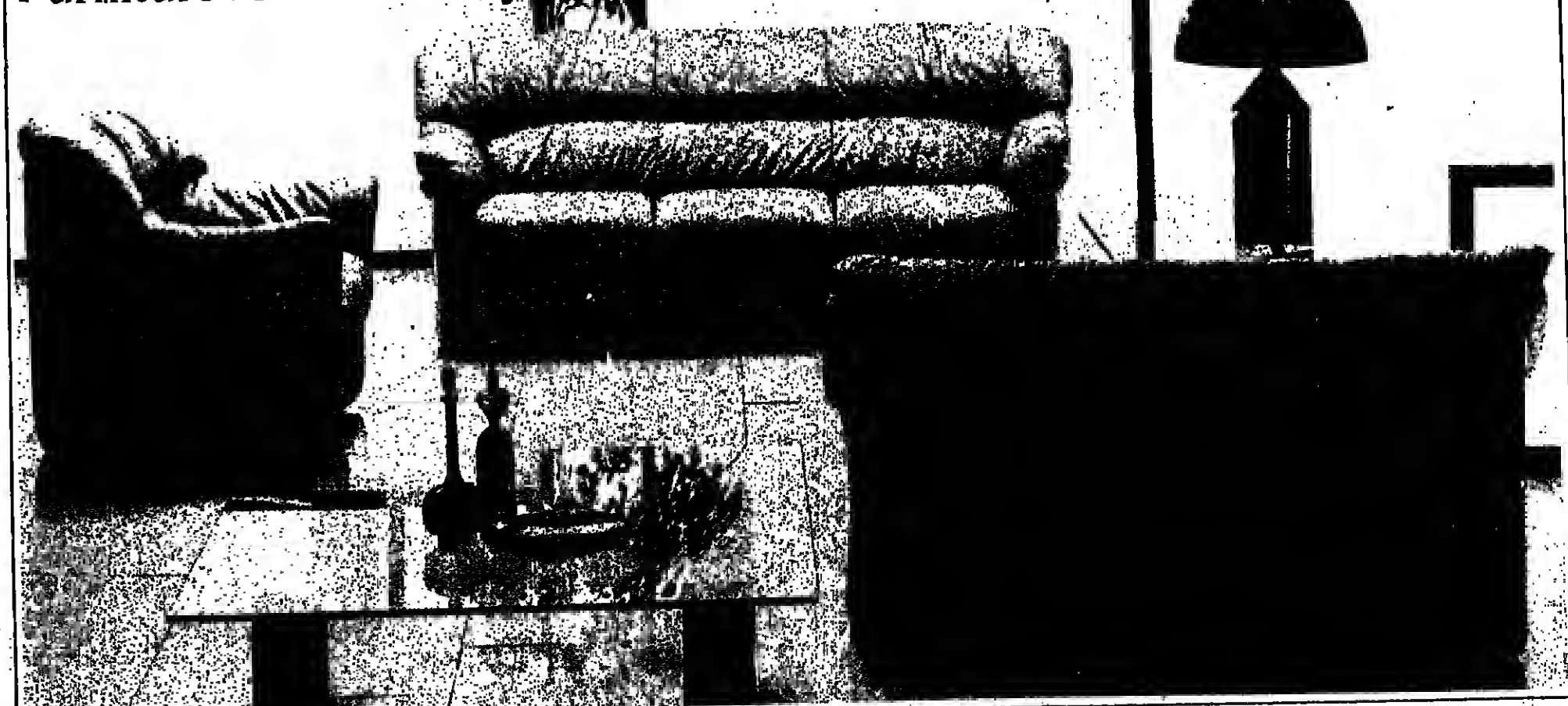
I asked the army spokesman for an appointment with OC Manpower, to get a statement on army policy regarding selective refusal, and on the possible long-term effects of the trend. The army bureaucracy moves slowly, and when I pressed for speedy attention, the irritated spokesman said it would be impossible, and besides "we have a few more important things to do."

Clearly, there are many more important things to do than talk to journalists about *Yesh Gvul*. But I doubt if there's anything much more important than talking with *Yesh Gvul* about the location of the lost border, and the limits of the use of military power.

David Rothfield recalls the sight of roads in the North clogged with armoured vehicles of every description.

"Some people feel proud when they see that," he says. "I felt scared." □

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WHEN THE Jews of Germany first began to seek training for and appointment to official and professional positions, there was only one course open to them: to convert to Christianity. The history of German culture is replete with names of Jews who did so. But painter Moritz Daniel Oppenheim (1800-1882), a retrospective of whose work opens at the Israel Museum next week, was an early exception. He was the first Jew to be trained as a painter at an academy; and he remained faithful to his origins and Jewish interests throughout his life. His career culminated in his famous "Scenes from Jewish Family Life." It is thus on several grounds that the museum is justified in calling him "The First Jewish Painter."

Oppenheim achieved recognition on his own merits, but many doors were opened to him after he became "court painter", decorator and art adviser to the Rothschilds. Three generations of Rothschilds sat for him; one even became his pupil.

The retrospective at the Israel Museum is the first accorded Oppenheim in over 80 years. The previous one was held in Frankfurt in 1900, a memorial show organized by the local *Kunstverein*, in honour of the centenary of his birth. The current show, which contains over 120 items — documents and letters as well as drawings and over 40 paintings — is not just a tribute to a Jewish painter but a record of a Jewish painter's progress in the critical period between Repression and Emancipation, a reflection of how German Jewry emerged from the ghetto.

Letters between Oppenheim and his lifelong friend Dr. Gabriel Riesser (1806-1863), reproduced in the massive catalogue, attest to the state of mind of liberal, if not overly-observant, Jews who wished to take their place in German society without relinquishing their Jewishness or Jewish identity.

Riesser, for instance, himself was a leading advocate of emancipation who had studied law. But because he was Jewish, he was refused admittance to the Bar. In 1840 he succeeded in getting permission to open a notary's office in his home town of Hamburg. But only eight years later he was elected to the Hamburg parliament and later became vice-president of the National Assembly. By 1860 he was a High Court judge. Times had changed.

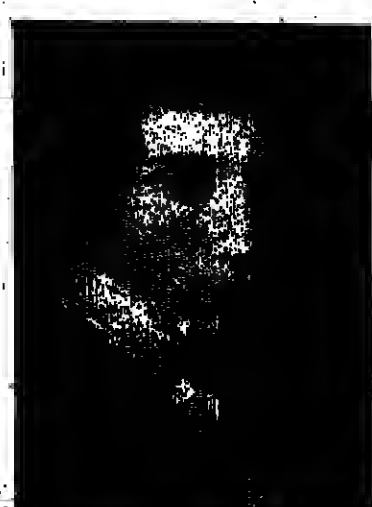
Oppenheim painted Riesser's portrait on three occasions. On show are a steel engraving made from one of these paintings and a medal designed by Oppenheim and presented to Riesser by the Jews of Hamburg, where Riesser was a prominent member of the Reform Temple. In recognition of his fight for civil rights.

Oppenheim also made a point of drawing and painting Jews who served with the army; his oil, "Return of the Volunteer" (1833-34) was actually his first treatment of a Jewish subject. Less than four decades later, the Prussian forces were full of Jews; many were officers. A depiction of Jewish services during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 (not by Oppenheim) on view here shows a multitude of Jewish officers and other ranks being guarded during their deportations by Prussian soldiers posted on the surrounding hillsides.

Jews, of course, served in all branches of the German forces during World War I. Some flew with Goering. Hitler received his Iron Cross from his battalion's Jewish adjutant. But with the resurgence of



(Below, left) Moritz Daniel Oppenheim's self-portrait, painted in 1822, at age 22. (Above) Kol Nidre (1862).



Painter's progress

There is ample justification for calling Moritz Daniel Oppenheim 'the first Jewish painter.' Art Editor MEIR RONNEN previews the first Oppenheim retrospective in 80 years, which opens next week at the Israel Museum.

anti-Semitism in the post-war Reich, the emancipation of German Jewry lurched towards its ghastly end. Jewish art was suppressed; Oppenheim's work was forgotten; both art and socio-political pressures had passed it by. Oppenheim was nothing if not prolific; but most of his works vanished during the Holocaust.

This show has been culled from international museums and private collections abroad, as well as from the Israel Museum's own holdings.

Oppenheim was born in the ghetto of Hanau, a small town near Frankfurt, where he attended *heder* and *Talmud Torah*. When the ghetto was abolished in 1811, during the occupation by Napoleon's troops, Oppenheim was able to attend the local grammar school and, even more important, the local art academy. His director, Konrad Weismann, not only encouraged the young Jew but made him his assistant. The academy acquired a work from the 20-year-old graduate. Oppenheim's subsequent art studies were less tedious. He attended, and quickly left, schools and academies in Frankfurt, Munich and Paris, dissatisfied with the rigidity of his teachers. He then spent four formative years in Rome, copying classical works and coming under the influence of the Nazarenes, a bohemian German group working there. The very-Yekke Oppenheim disapproved of their long hair and neglected appearance (many of them were held to look like Jesus Christ, hence their name); but he was impressed by the hard, formalized style that was built on the early purity of the *quattrocento*; and he shared their predilection for both biblical subjects and portraiture. The purity of the Nazarene style was later lost on

him; many of his Jewish subjects are characterized by references to the more treacherous side of Raphael. In this he differed little from 18th and 19th century Italian religious painters.

Oppenheim evidently had a gift for friendship with other German artists, Jews, converted Jews and gentiles; and they were all loyal to him. One of them even prevented him from fighting a duel over an anti-Semitic remark. The much-respected Danish sculptor Bertel Thorvaldsen became his patron.

Despite all this, Oppenheim was often rudely repulsed because he was a Jew. He was horrified to find the Jews of Rome still confined to their ghetto and constantly harried by the Jesuits, who were hot for their conversion. On view here is a lithograph by Hieronymus Hess from 1823, which depicts the Jesuits at their missionary work, and Oppenheim described how the Jews were rounded up to listen to Jesuit sermons. They were hit with fly swatters if they fell asleep, he wrote. At every mention of the name of Jesus they cried out "Yenah shema!" "May his name be stricken from memory." The Jesuits, some of whom knew Hebrew, were infuriated, but to no avail. Oppenheim himself knew where he belonged. When informed of his mother's death, he spent his period of mourning in the Roman ghetto.

VISITING Naples, he was received by Baron Carl Mnyer von Rothschild, financial adviser to the Kingdom of Naples. It was his first contact with a Rothschild and the Baron bought three of his paintings and commissioned "Susanna and the Elders." This pleased the Baron so much that he voluntarily raised the fee to 25 golden Louis. Oppenheim reported in his *Reminiscences*. The painting has been lost, but a lithographic copy is included in this show.

He returned to settle in Frankfurt, starting his journey in 1825 and taking his time as he sketched interesting sites along the way. He turned down commissions with the house of Anselm von Rothschild, whose wife Charlotte became his pupil and lifelong friend.

He was also received by the German aristocracy and, as with the Rothschilds, performed services for them as a connoisseur. Like many other artists more famous than himself, he also sold works by other artists; and he remained an art dealer of sorts throughout his life.

Oppenheim married twice. His first wife died after eight years, leaving him with three small children. He had three more by his second marriage. He had no difficulty in making a living but as a Jew, he had some difficulty in getting permission to live in Hamburg; municipal records show that it took him 25 years to be granted citizenship of the free city.

The artist's first typical genre picture, something of a precursor of his later idealizations of ghetto life, was the already mentioned "Return of a Jewish Volunteer from the Wars of Liberation to his Family Still Living According to the Old Tradition" (sic).

German Jews had been killed and wounded fighting the French. Although it was the French who had brought them civil rights, their patriotism was not appreciated. The war concluded with the Congress of Vienna, which again withdrew the briefly-held civil rights of the Frankfurt Jewish community. Oppenheim's painting thus recorded a debt that had not been honoured. It was no accident that the Jews



(Above) 'Return of the Volunteer,' depicting Jewish soldiers returning to ghetto. (Right) Pen-and-ink drawing of Jewish soldier. (Below) Adolph de Rothschild.



(Below) Succot scenes from Oppenheim's famous series, published in his book 'Scenes from Jewish Family Life,' as monochrome versions of the original oils.



of the Grand Duchy of Baden chose this work as a presentation to Gabriel Riesser, in recognition of his efforts on their behalf. This canvas, loaned by Edgar Reber of New York, shows a wounded Jewish volunteer surrounded by his proud and thankful family.

But Oppenheim continued to paint non-Jewish genre pieces and representations of quasi-historic meetings, like that of Lessing and Lavater with Moses Mendelssohn, or "Felix Mendelssohn playing before Goethe."

A number of his sitters were famous converts of convenience, such as Heinrich Heine (a sketch is on show here) and Heine's early friend and later virulent enemy, Ludwig Borne (born Loeb Baruch) a noted political and theatre critic. The oil of Borne, from the Israel Museum's own collection, is one of his most jocular and informal portraits. Borne was clearly a wit. He sent Oppenheim his fee with a note that concluded: "There is a curse in money, you should thank me that I have cursed you so modestly." Something of the liveliness of Borne's personality rubbed off onto the artist's approach to this portrait.

THE CORRESPONDENCE between Riesser and Oppenheim reflects a striving for a middle course between Orthodoxy and assimilation. It was not until he was around 60 that Oppenheim virtually dropped secular subjects and devoted most of his time to his series of "Scenes from Jewish Family Life": this coincided with an increased religious observance that sometimes returns with advancing years.

He originally painted these scenes in oils. He then repeated them in *grisaille*, a form of monochrome, so that they could be photocopied for reproduction in books. Examples of all four states are on view here, including the old photos and the books themselves.

The ghetto that Oppenheim depicted was clearly that of the age of emancipation. Dress and furnishings were much the same as those outside the ghetto, reflecting a bourgeois comfort. Patriotism was indicated by a portrait of Frederik the Great on the wall of a Jewish home.

Oppenheim was reportedly a cheerful man with a cheerful view of the world which had done well by him. Patronage and financial success had turned him into an apostle of the comfortable.

There is no indication in his work that he was aware of what was going on in the art world around him, much less in Paris. He was not a great artist, perhaps not even an outstanding figure, but he was a deft and skilled commentator with an exceptional gift for catching a likeness.

He left us with a testament of his times, much of which is reflected in this very rich show, assembled with loving patience by Elisheva Cohen, chief curator emerita and adviser to the Israel Museum. She has also produced the amply detailed catalogue, with notes to each exhibit; and it includes a valuable survey of Oppenheim's life and times by Professor Ismar Schorsch. A youthful self-portrait of Oppenheim, the whereabouts of which were previously unknown, was recently fortuitously presented to the museum by Dr. Arthur Kaufmann of London.

It is touching that this exhibition and its catalogue were made possible by the Edmond de Rothschild Foundation. □

Rosh Hashana: lost and found

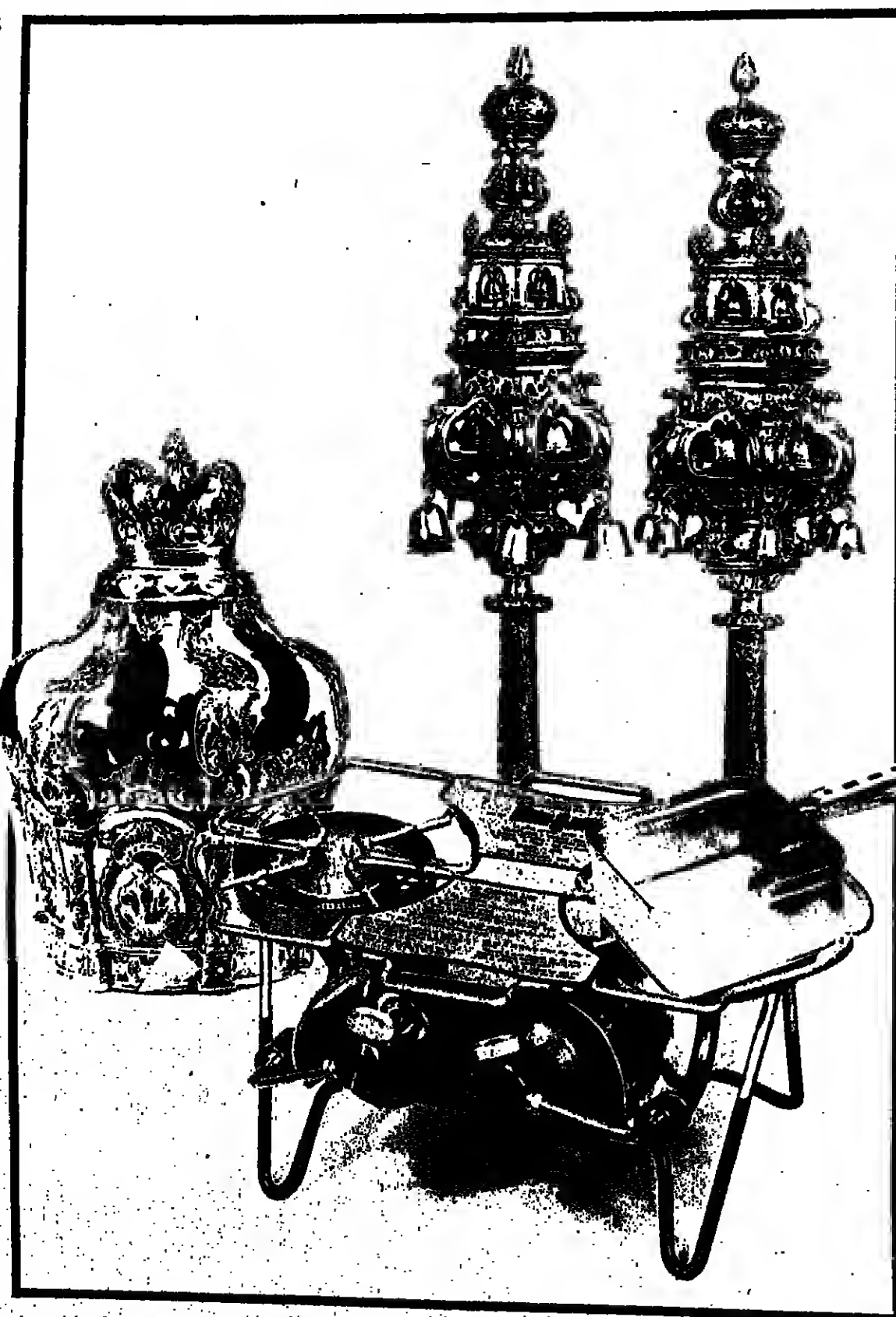
'The tragic estrangement of our people from its historic roots and religious heritage is felt at Rosh Hashana as at no other time,' writes Reuven Hammer.

SEVERAL YEARS ago, a young American immigrant who had married a kibbutznik told me how disturbed she was when her husband went to the Sinai to seuba-dive on Yom Kippur. Since he was a member of a secular, left-wing kibbutz, he could not understand why this bothered her. But in deference to her feelings, he agreed that the next year he would stay home on Yom Kippur; he would go on his annual diving trip on Rosh Hashana instead.

There is no question that the Israeli public makes a distinction between these two holy days. Yom Kippur finds many otherwise non-observant Israelis in synagogue, at least for *Kol Nidrei* and *Ne'ila*. Public observance is almost total, and there are many who fast even if they do not go to synagogue, or not for long. Rosh Hashana is another story and, of course, from even a traditional, halachic point of view, Yom Kippur is much the more sacred of the two. Nevertheless, the sanctity of Rosh Hashana is hardly to be ignored.

Although of relatively minor importance in the Torah, with virtually no explanation of what it really means except that it is the time of sounding the shofar, in the hands of the greatest creative religious geniuses of all time, the sages of Israel during the Second Commonwealth, it became a magnificent day. It became the beginning of a 10-day period of self-examination and renewal, ending with Yom Kippur: the Days of Awe. It became a New Year festival different from all others, combining sanctity and joy, solemnity and rejoicing, judgment and confidence in the future. It became a time of the annual reaffirmation that God is our king and the ruler of the entire world, of reflection on the past history of our people and God's promises to us and of vision for the future when that Kingdom would become universal. In the way of life of the Jewish people, wherever we were, it became a wonderful festival divorced from pagan revelry, showing the world what a beautiful thing a truly religious holiday could be.

EVEN TODAY, in the Diaspora, it is one of the major periods of the Jewish yearly cycle, celebrated with prayer and family gatherings by the vast majority of Jews. In Israel, the story is otherwise. Although there are many families in the non-Orthodox sector which do observe it, and although many kibbutzim have instituted special programmes, and sometimes even prayers for the occasion, there remains a large proportion of Israelis who find no religious or spiritual significance in Rosh Hashana. Like Yom Kippur, it suffers from the lack of national, historical connections. We like to stress days which are somehow rooted in the land, such as Hanukkah, or in history, such as Passover. Rosh Hashana also lacks the agricultural ties of Sukkot and the colourful customs of that festival. It is all spirit, theology and introspection — at least so it is perceived and is accordingly ignored. Yom Kippur, somehow, touches the depth of



the spirit; there is a feeling that it is the last link to religious Judaism that can be dispensed with. Rosh Hashana is more easily abandoned. Unfortunately, then, the problems of the spiritual impoverishment of Israel and the tragic estrangement of our people from its historic roots and religious heritage are felt on Rosh Hashana as at no other time. These days have become little more than a much-needed extended holiday. This year especially, when they fall on Thursday and Friday, and thus create a long weekend, they will provide an opportunity for vacations, trips, camping, parties and picnics for the vast majority of the Israeli population. Once again we shall hear that campfires have had to be closed, that the shore of Lake Kinneret is

pecked with tents, that the roads are jammed with traffic. What do we see in the newspapers? Travel agents urging us to spend the New Year in the Greek Islands or on a cruise ship, where they will be able to see it in with revels as if it were no different from January 1. Kol Yisrael announces that it will celebrate the first day of Rosh Hashana by broadcasting the win-tunes, with valuable prizes for listeners guessing the right ones in advance.

TO WHAT do we owe this loss of our heritage which is brought to the fore by Rosh Hashana? Let me offer some possible reasons: □ The attitude, fostered by Orthodox and secularists alike throughout Zionist history, that religion is all or nothing. If you have to be either totally observant or nothing — and this is repeated to this day by the representatives of official religion here and assented to by the most radical secularists as well — then why should most Israelis, who are obviously not Orthodox, find any special place in their lives for Rosh Hashana? Under such conditions, how else could one view what could be a profound spiritual experience except as hypocrisy? □ The education in most non-Orthodox schools that ignores the religious character of such days and of Judaism in general, and concentrates only on folk ways and customs which are presented as if they belonged to someone else

("That's what was done in the *shet* this is what the *dafin* do"). The redefinition of Jewish education in Israeli schools to exclude religious results in generations of Jews who know nothing of the synagogue, the *sidhar* or the *mahzor*. And, once again, the conspiracy of the official religious representatives together with the extreme secularists determines that there is no place for religion in these schools, only in the *daf* schools.

□ The lack of religious alternatives leaves the non-Orthodox Israeli without a place in which he can say his prayers and feel at home. There are some non-Orthodox synagogues, but not enough; and those that do exist have managed to come into being and sustain themselves by the force of pressures of all kinds by the religious authorities. The annual advertisement by some of our official chief rabbis that anyone who listens to the shofar in a Conservative synagogue has not fulfilled that commandment is typical of this attitude.

The lack of a sufficient effort by all of us who recognize this problem to do something about it and to attempt to teach and persuade the non-Orthodox that there are some things within the tradition that we give up at the peril of our very existence as Jews. If the Jewish state can do no better than turn Rosh Hashana into New Year's Eve, the dreams and hopes of generations have been badly disappointed.

IT IS TIME for us to speak frankly and forthrightly to our people and to tell them that they are throwing away their heritage for no reason; that they are depriving themselves of honesty, joy and meaning because they do not understand the nature of their Jewishness and their Jewish heritage; that their children need a Jewish education combining freedom, choice, modernity and tradition. (Such an education is available at new schools on Jerusalem's French Hill and elsewhere.)

Are the majority of Israelis really atheists? I do not believe it. Do the vast majority of our people really feel that there is no such thing as human responsibility for our deeds? Do they not believe that what we do matters, that change and improvement is possible, that there is a need for searching one's soul and judging one's deeds? Do most people really feel that the experience of worship, families, parents and children together in a setting of beauty and sanctity, is not worthwhile?

These are the things which characterize Rosh Hashana. Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage and we are selling ours for a picnic in Eilat. Is it worth it? We need not ask Israelis to revolutionize their lives in order to return to something they never had. What we can ask is that we incorporate the best features of the Jewish tradition into our lives. It belongs to each and every one of us.

The writer is a professor at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, Jerusalem, and director of field activities of the Foundation for Conservative Judaism in Israel.

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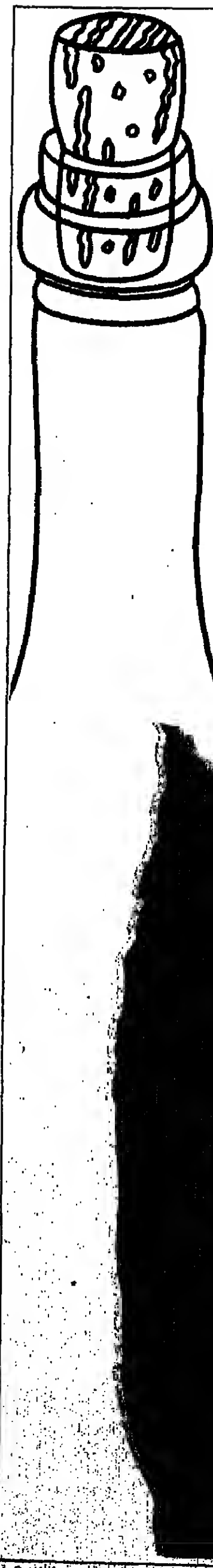
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ELIEZER WHARTMAN describes how an unaffiliated Jerusalem congregation deals with the problem of lack of relevance in traditional forms of worship.

TOMORROW, the first day of the year 5744, millions of Jews will assemble in synagogues throughout the world for the age-old recitation of the mahzor, the High Holy Day prayer book.

The question that some will ask is: just how relevant is the mahzor today? Do its prayers really reflect the innermost feelings of the suppliant? For unless prayer is forthright, and sincere, it is meaningless.

Those who formulated the mahzor and the siddur before and during the Middle Ages were bound by the limited knowledge that man had of the universe at the time. Concepts which we would dismiss as outlandish if we encountered them in scientific works, were then accepted without question and incorporated into the prayer book and mahzor.

The problem is especially acute in Israel, where worshippers can understand the prayers they recite, unlike in the Diaspora where convoluted translations can lend them a meaning they never had, and which their authors never intended.

Consider the opening prayer of the Shacharit service, the series of blessings in which the worshipper thanks God for not having created him a Gentile, a slave, and a woman, in that order. (Hapless women are expected to thank Him for having created them as He wished.)

A little further on we encounter a passage from the Mishna which concludes with the prayer that God will some day enable his people to offer the animal sacrifices that our forefathers once offered in the Temple.

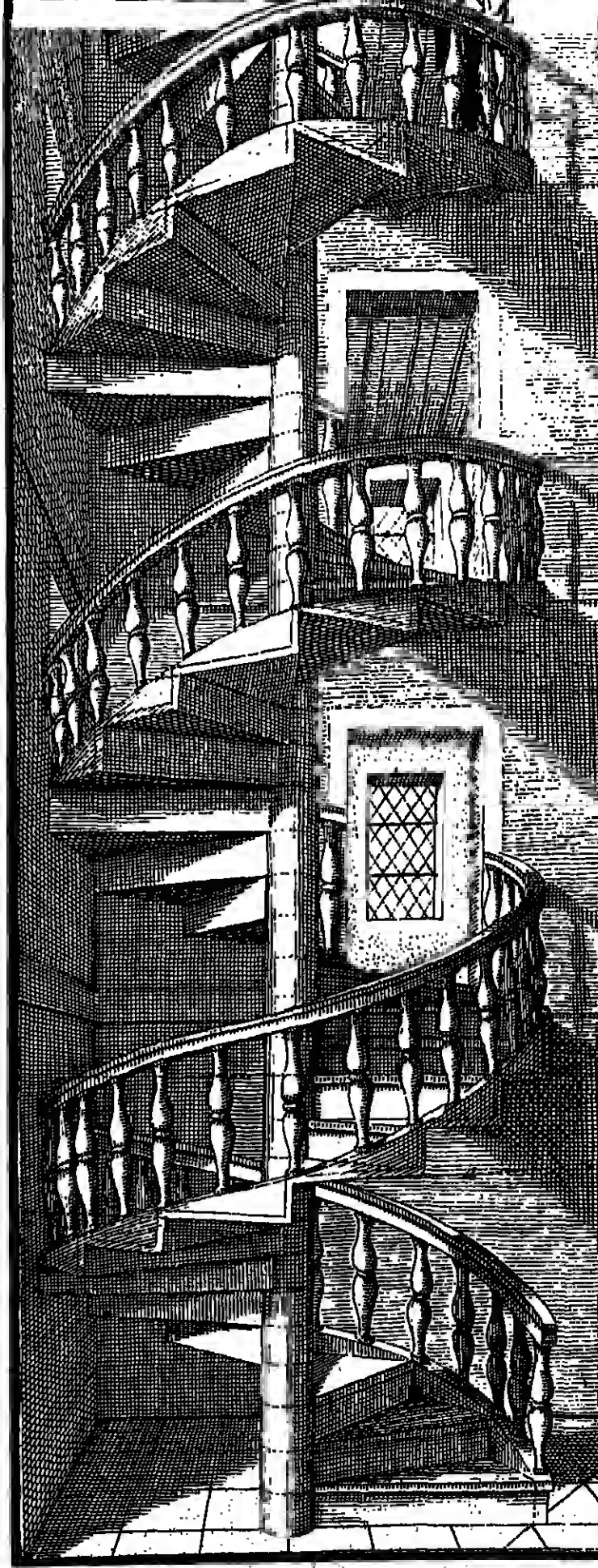
CONTINUING with the service, we come to the Shema, a trilogy taken from the Bible containing a warning from God that unless the Jewish people obey His commandments, He will withhold ruin, and bring drought and destruction upon the land.

Comes the Amidah, in which the suppliant prays, in silence, for the coming of the Messiah who will be a descendant of King David; he goes on to praise God for restoring the dead to life, and for choosing the Jewish people from among all other nations, and concludes with an additional request for the reconstruction of the ancient Temple and the reintroduction of the various sacrifices. Angels, archangels, seraphs, cherubs and holy beasts ("hayot hakodesh") abound. References to miracles, in which God supposedly suspended His natural laws for the benefit of His people or a selected individual, are abundant.

After concluding the reading of the Torah, with its attendant miracles, the worshipper turns to the Musaf service which begins: "Because of our sins we have been exiled from our land. We are unable to offer up the sacrifices in Thy great and holy Temple because of the evil hand stretched out against Thy sanctuary. May Thou rebuild it speedily!"

Then comes the high point of the service: the *Unetaneh Tokef* prayer ("We will express the mighty holiness of this day") which states

PATH TO PIETY



that "it is inscribed on Rosh Hashana and sealed on the Day of Atonement how many shall pass away; how many shall be born; who shall live and who shall die; who shall live out his life; and who shall not; who will perish by fire; who by water; who by wild beasts; and who by hunger; ... who shall wander; and who shall have rest; ... who shall grow rich and who shall become poor; who shall be exalted; and who shall be brought low."

But repentance, prayer and charity, we are told, avert the severe decree.

It boggles the mind. The service continues with the recitation of the Aleinu prayer, thanking God for not having created us like the other nations and families in His world.

The service concludes with the trilogy of prayers of the *mahzor*, extolling God's sovereignty; the *Zichronot* — God's remembrance; and the *shofar* — the highlights of Jewish history when God intervened to set aside natural events.

WHAT are thinking, sensitive Jews living in the 20th century, to make of all this? Has there been no development at all in Jewish theology since the formulation of the mahzor? Are future generations to be bound by concepts which any enlightened man would regard with repugnance and dismay?

Is the Jewish people to continue to be polarized into two camps: the Orthodox who regard every word in the Bible and the liturgy as true and immutable (sometimes called "Glandular Judaism"); and the so-called "secularists" who supposedly reject everything?

Efforts have been made to bridge the gap. The Conservative movement has tried to do so, but without any notable success. It has been described as a movement in search of a philosophy. It has introduced some superficial changes, mixed seating in its synagogues, but it has failed to address itself to the central problem: the theology. It has made no revisions in the established siddur beyond referring to animal sacrifices in the past rather than in the future tense.

The Reform movement is, of course, more progressive, but, like the Conservative movement, it is essentially rooted in the Diaspora and bound by the philosophy of its leaders who choose to reside abroad.

There is one *indigenous* religious community in Israel which has had the courage to tackle the problem of the siddur. It is the Mevakshei Derech Kehilla, established in 1962, which prays each Shabbat in the Rehavia High School in Jerusalem. (The congregation is now building its own synagogue in the San Simon section of the capital.)

IT IS a do-it-yourself kehilla. Unlike other synagogues, it does not have a paid rabbi. Members take turns in leading the service and the D'var Torah, a discussion based on the weekly reading of the *humash*. Following the custom that developed during the days of the Second Temple, the congregants have reinstituted the triennial

reading of the Torah, as well as the Bible lessons that followed it.

"We view the Jewish religion as a dynamic entity that develops as each generation of Jewry reinterprets Jewish tradition," says Rabbi Jack Cohen, one of the half-dozen rabbis affiliated with the congregation. "Mevakshei Derech strives to create a form of religious expression that is indigenous to Israel. We believe that the religious responses of Jews to Diaspora conditions, as reflected in thinking and prayer, cannot be adequate for the unique situation created by the return in our day of the Jewish people to Eretz Yisrael. We welcome the cooperation of all groups that seek to secure the right of every Jew to pray and live according to the dictates of his conscience. This principle applies specifically to laws of personal status in which individuals are often coerced by those invested with religious authority."

THE Mevakshei Derech service is based on the premise that prayer must reflect the innermost feelings of the heart and mind, and that it must express precisely what the man or woman in prayer intends it to mean. The service is based on the traditional prayer book, for the congregation respects the inheritance of past generations; but at the same time — like those who formulated new prayers which were later incorporated in the siddur, the congregants seek meaningful, intellectually honest expression.

Wherever possible, when changes or deletions are made, substitutions are taken from traditional sources. This is in the best rabbinic tradition. Such a method requires the members of the kehilla to study their Jewish heritage as broadly and intensively as possible.

The going has not been easy. The congregation has been the target of Orthodox attacks since its inception. It has not received one agora in assistance from the Jerusalem Religious Council or the Ministry for Religious Affairs for the building of its synagogue, although the Municipality provided the plot. Not being connected with any overseas movement, it cannot seek assistance from religious adherents abroad.

The new synagogue will be named after five sons (from a total of about 60 families) who fell in Israel's wars. Paradoxically, the fiercest opposition to the synagogue comes from fundamentalist groups who neither serve nor permit their children to serve in the Israel Defence Forces.

Critics of the kehilla ask cynically: "What do you mean by 'seeking the path'? How long will you continue to seek it?"

"Man's search for truth never ends," notes Jack Cohen. "We will continue on our never-ending path to God, which all men of faith, courage and intellectual integrity must take, guided by the great moral precepts of Judaism which have served as signposts for the generations that have passed, and which will light the way for the generations to come."

The author is a founding member of Kehilat Mevakshei Derech.

ONE OF THE most original and profound thinkers in the Jewish world today, Emil Fackenheim, recently marked two milestones in his far from uneventful life: his aliyah from Canada together with his family, and the publication of his eighth, and what he thinks is "by far my most important" book, *To Mend the World*, whose subtitle is *Foundations of Future Jewish Thought*.

Both events represent the culmination of years of painstaking confrontation with the crises of modernity, especially in relation to Jewish existence, and both serve as irrefutable evidence of his determination to have the test of his deepest convictions, in thought and in deed.

It is Fackenheim's contention that we have reached a watershed in the development of western civilization, calling into question many long-cherished beliefs. Our failure to deal with the glaring inadequacies of philosophy and religion is hazardous and means taking risks we cannot afford, with Jewish survival still not something to be taken for granted in the indifferent, frequently hostile environment of today.

Born in Germany, Fackenheim was a 23-year-old rabbi when he fled the country in 1939. He spent his first years in Canada in an internment camp, then served as a rabbi for five years before joining the philosophy department of the University of Toronto in 1948. His Jewish interests were maintained at a relatively inappreciable level before the Six Day War, but it was that which led to his first visit to Israel, and since 1972 he and his family have spent most of their summers in Israel. He has taught full semesters at the Hebrew University's Institute of Contemporary Jewish and given courses in the university's programme for overseas students.

Sitting in the study of the rented apartment on Jerusalem's French Hill, from which the family will soon be moving into their own home, the bearded, mild-mannered professor tells us with pride that his two eldest children speak Hebrew fluently. Suzy, after almost a year in a kibbutz, is about to begin her university studies, and David, just graduated from high school here, has been conscripted along with the rest of his age group.

BAT KIN 1967, hearing the cries of "Push Israel into the sea" while the United Nations sat by impotently, Fackenheim was shocked into a sense of heightened awareness and horrified by the coolness of statesmen, theologians, and philosophers. It was then that he issued what has become known as his proposed 614th commandment (adding one to Judaism's traditional 613): "Thou shalt not be silent in the face of Auschwitz and don't Hitler a posthumous victory." This provoked great interest, bringing Fackenheim and his wife Rose to Israel for the first time at the invitation of President Shazar.

Speaking at gatherings in Jerusalem, he urged a re-evaluation of the evil perpetrated by the Nazis. He himself saw it as a phenomenon which defied all known categories and lay beyond the scope of language and reason, underscoring the mystical powerlessness of western culture in the intellectual and moral realm.

Many of Fackenheim's contemporaries were offended by his outright condemnation of some of western society's highest achievements, saying that there was no

FAITH, FATE AND FACKENHEIM

For too long, the world has cared too little about Jewish suffering, says Emil Fackenheim. The German-born rabbi-philosopher, who sojourned in Canada for four decades before moving to Jerusalem, explains his thinking to PNINA PELI.



justification for giving disproportionate prominence to what they regarded as historical aberrations, and arguing that the Holocaust was irrelevant to the future of mankind. His stature as a scholar and thinker remained intact, but his critics in this country felt that he had been carried away by the role Jews have played in the drama of our times.

These differing views were aired publicly in Jerusalem towards the end of the Hebrew University's last semester, during a stormy debate at Beit Hillel on Mt. Scopus on Fackenheim's *To Mend the World*, which Yeshayahu Leibowitz tried to tear to pieces.

Leibowitz, famous for his outspoken attacks on anyone who presumes to be serious about our spiritual condition, was true to form, lashing out at Fackenheim's perceptions of philosophy and of Judaism. Undaunted, Fackenheim fought back, accusing "the 84-year-old enfant terrible" of reducing Judaism to a Prussian discipline to be followed unquestioningly, thus undermining its moral significance. Leibowitz's denial of the uniqueness of the Holocaust and the evil intent displayed towards the Jewish people was even more serious, Fackenheim warned, as it belittled the meaning of the survival of Israel, playing into the hands of its enemies, both overt and disguised.

SOME LESS extreme critics of Fackenheim's thought feel that he has taken the Holocaust too seriously, dwelling magochistically on Jewish suffering. He fears the

consequences of not acknowledging its terrible significance, adding that the world has cared too little for too long about Jewish suffering. Non-Jewish thinkers and religious leaders, he says, seem largely unconcerned about the need to expose and root out Jew hatred, necessitating constant awareness on our part in order to ensure Jewish survival, in theory and in fact.

He reflects on the pride his own father, one of the first accomplished Jewish athletes in their hometown, Hillel, would have felt had he lived to see his grandchildren striding along the streets of the old-new capital of the people of Israel armed with guns, on civil defence duty.

He speaks of the existence of a strong, healthy nation as a sacred feature of a redeemed world. A sovereign state for the Jewish people in its historic homeland with a well-trained army to defend it is a prerequisite for restoring dignity and credibility to the realities of the present and for building a future on solid earth, rather than on the ruins of the past.

Evil may defy attempts to define it, he says, but if philosophy cannot cope with it, it must validate other means of response to it, such as actual resistance. Religion, too, must recognize that there has been a rupture in our relationship with God, calling for a combined divine-human effort to "mend the world," the Kabbalistic idea known as *tikkun olam*.

Fackenheim has been discussing these themes for years in his books. In all of them he deals with the unresolved dilemmas of our time,

pointing out the flaws in what he calls "spurious universality" — the commonest way of evading the true identity of the Jewish people and a method used to blur the shameful history of anti-Semitism (a word that in itself is a fogging of what is really Jew hatred). To "forgive and forget" centuries of wrong thinking and wrongdoing, he says, is to allow the lethal potency of the millennia-old "war against the Jews" to go unchecked.

Fackenheim quotes Raoul Hilberg, who wrote a monumental work on the destruction of European Jewry, as depicting the escalation of Christian rejectionist theology from so to speak, "You may not live here as Jews" (aim: forced conversion) to "You may not live here" (aim: expulsion) and finally, "You may not live" (aim: annihilation).

Another factor often overlooked is the role played by Tautonic redemption ideologies in Third Reich ambitions. Old myths were retold amidst bombastic Wagnerian pageantry, motivating deeply ingrained hostility against the Jewish "race" in the name of the supposed glories of Aryan valour.

CAN WE FORGET, Fackenheim asks repeatedly, in lectures to Jews and non-Jews in North America, or in Yad Vashem seminars in Jerusalem for teachers and community leaders from all over, the brutal murder of six million Jews, men and women, young and old, babies and grandparents, by a stylized master race that scientifically

concocted and lawfully implemented its satanic policies? And how are we to understand the devil of a safe haven to the pitifully few hundreds of Jews fleeing the unprecedented savagery by powers committed to bringing about the defeat and downfall of Hitler's Germany?

Fackenheim asks similarly pertinent questions about the Jewish condition today, as new attempts to delegitimize Jewish existence now as a nation, proliferate. He mentions, in this connection, UN resolutions outlawing Zionism, Third World rejection, Moslem enmity, the Vatican's persistent and calculated coolness, and the Communist oppression that has produced a new brand of Jewish resistance.

In spite of the still not confronted life-and death issues which reflect a state of bankruptcy of western ideas and indicate a sort of twilight of ideologies, Fackenheim is confident of our ability to emerge from the long, dark tunnel if we pursue solutions truthfully and courageously. It is this that causes many to soo him as a prophet of hope, risen out of the ashes of the Nezi debacle.

Am Israel Hai, The People of Israel Lives, is not merely a popular song, it is a statement of faith, he says soberly.

HIS RELIGIOUS philosophy is empirical, based on experience as well as knowledge, in the manner of the medieval poet and philosopher Yehuda Halevi. Thought, Fackenheim explains, must be rooted in experience and yet trans-

cend in order to form a perspective which relates human endeavour to divine justice.

Fackenheim has often spoken about "root experiences" in history, which for the Jewish people have been decisive in setting the stage for their existence for long periods, two of these experiences being the revelation on Sinai and the destruction of the Second Temple. A thinker who does not feel it necessary to respond to human experience and relate it to his religious ideas or philosophical concepts is not worth his salt, he says. It is opinions along these lines that have caused some of his critics to say that Fackenheim is betraying the rules of his profession by abandoning "pure" philosophical thought, and others, that he is making his religion his politics.

The meaning of Yom Kippur is to relate divine justice to human history, Fackenheim explains. The imperfections of this world ultimately are dealt with by the Creator, whose work was good and was founded on principles of justice and whose divine love assured that no encounter on earth goes unredeemed. It is no accident, he points out grimly, that Mengele, the satanic doctor of Auschwitz who personally sealed the fate of millions, used Yom Kippur specifically as a day on which he, and not God, made selections. It was his declared intention to show that he had usurped the divine throne of judgment in the name of Hitler's Reich.

The Yom Kippur War had a related purpose, Fackenheim feels, for it was an attempt to wipe out the existence of the reality of Israel, which somehow represents the will of God, who never abandoned hope of the fulfilment of man's destiny. And Israel goes on living, believing the messianic era is possible, in spite of those who try to destroy the vision and its link to reality.

Philosophical thought not rooted in the flesh and blood human struggle is misleading and useless, he holds. It was Spinoza who brought God back to earth and nature while denying heavenly powers. More than two centuries later, the German-Jewish theologian Franz Rosenzweig rediscovered the role of revelation, but neglected to relate it back to history. But Spinoza lived at a time when the *Shabbat*, the Divine Presence, was still in exile and Judaism in decline, and Fackenheim is convinced that had Rosenzweig lived to witness the Holocaust and Israel's rebirth in its historic homeland (he died in 1929), he would have undergone a complete transformation.

If the Jewish future is to be built on firm foundations, there must be an examination of the immonso structure of the Christian Church and the courage to repair shaky parts of it by recognizing the harm it has done. An atmosphere must be created in which protest by "righteous Gentiles" does not seem so extraordinary.

It is not enough for Christians to talk of their "Jewish roots" and to go about business as usual, continuing to find fault with the Jews by magnifying the misdeeds of Israel and suppressing their own complicity in shameful episodes. Fackenheim is indignant that instead of righting wrongs, it has become more fashionable than ever to incriminate Jews on a large scale, while spouting self-righteousness. To mend the world is the task of the living, and Jewish history is directed towards realizing the prophetic era of peace and redemption as predicted by the prophets of Israel.

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AS YOU WALK around the Jewish parts of Jerusalem, you can be sure that more than half of the men you see between the ages of 18 and 45 have been in Lebanon. You can also be sure that few of these Jerusalemites cherish pleasant memories of the Land of the Cedars.

But there are also about half-a-dozen Jews in Jerusalem who remember Lebanon with gratitude. These exceptions are between 60 and 70, most are doctors or pharmacists, all are either facing retirement or retired. If their memories of Lebanon, and especially Beirut, are fairly bright, that's because they didn't visit under the auspices of the Israel Defence Forces, and because without Lebanon, they might not have found the necessary education for their professions.

The pharmacists are graduates of the American University of Beirut, familiarly called AUB. The doctors went either to AUB or to the Jesuit French-run Collège de St. Joseph, over in Beirut's east side. As young men in the 1930s and 1940s, they had nowhere else to go — Hitlerism and the war made the European schools problematic and later inaccessible, and the Hebrew University had no graduate schools until after the Jewish homeland became the Jewish state.

One of the first Jews who went from Palestine to Beirut to study medicine was Dr. Aharon Mordechai Cohen, in 1934. Retired now after having headed Hadassah's diabetes clinic, Cohen, a native of Jerusalem, remembers that out of 26 students admitted to the AUB medical school that year, nine were Jews — two from here, one from Iraq, and six Americans forced to go abroad because of anti-Semitic quotas in the U.S. medical schools.

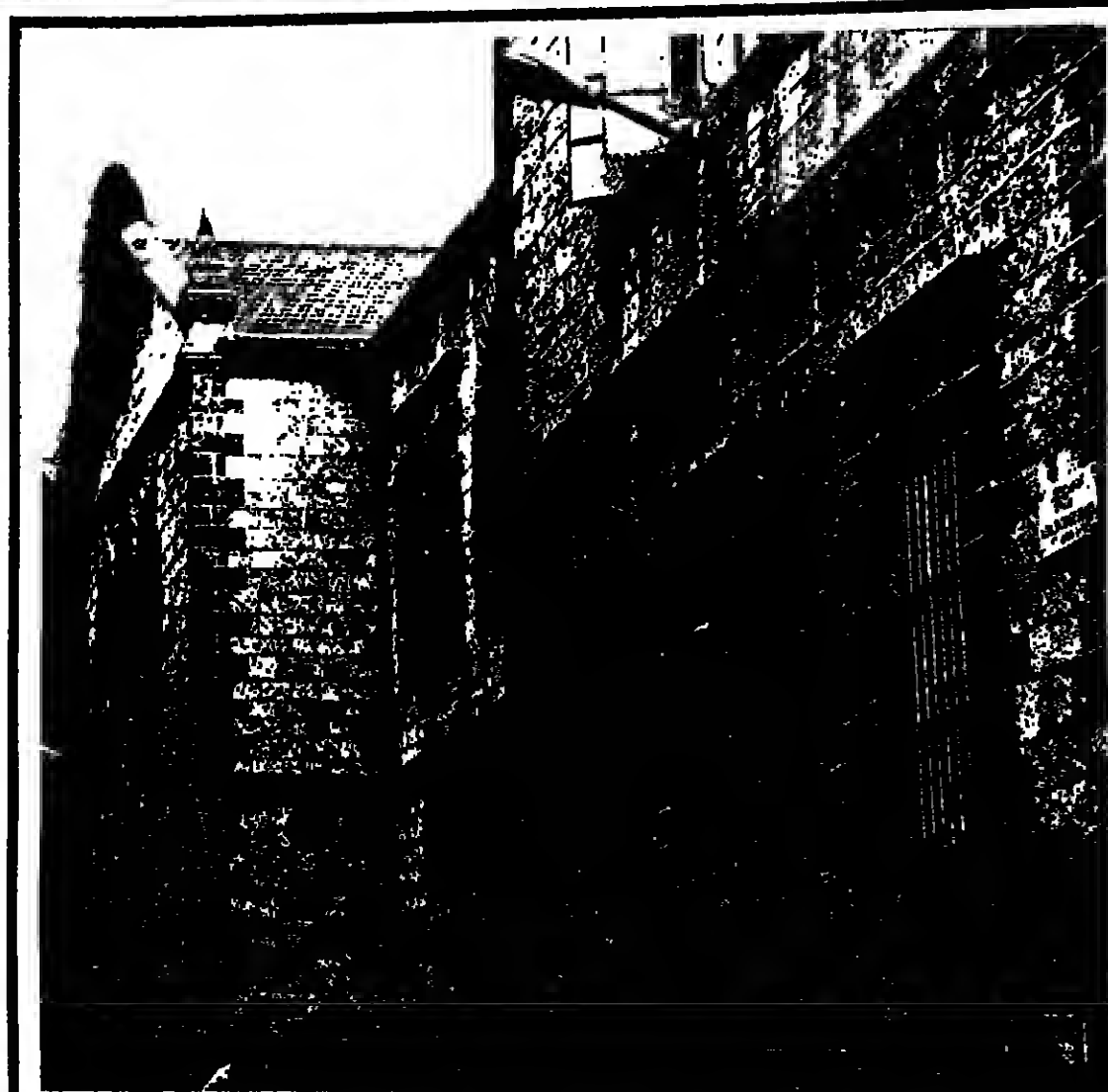
Only one of the Jews failed to finish the course, so that by 1939, when the class graduated with 17 survivors of a tough weeding-out process, almost half the new MDs were Jews. Cohen gives the AUB full credit for his fitness: the percentage of Jews admitted and granted diplomas was all the more remarkable considering its pro-Arab, anti-Zionist reputation.

Cohen explains that AUB was founded by in 1866 by high-minded American missionaries. The founders, especially the Reverend Daniel Bliss, wanted to bring Protestant, democratic culture to the people of the Middle East. Since the majority of the students were Moslem Arabs, AUB willy-nilly became a breeding-ground for pan-Arab nationalists.

The inalienable rights of Arabs exposed to an American education included not only the right to push the British and French colonialists out and restore one great Arab nation-state, but also to prevent Armenians, Maronites, Kurds, Copts, Jews and other minorities from setting up their own states.

The Americans who ran AUB 50 years ago did not deliberately foster pan-Arabism — they didn't have to. At the same time, they tried to protect certain ideals from nationalism's destructive influence. One ideal was that of tolerance. "This college," Bliss said in 1871, "is for all conditions and classes of men without regard to colour, nationality, race or religion." Since the Americans who followed Bliss were still trying to adhere to his credo, the Jews from Palestine and elsewhere were treated decently.

The American administrators and professors were one thing: the Arab students another. Cohen



Beirut alma mater

In the Thirties and Forties, it was impossible for Jews from Palestine to attend European graduate schools. So they went to Lebanon. A.E. NORDEN recently met some of them in Jerusalem.

remembers. While the former were correct in their behaviour — neither friendly nor unfriendly — the latter could be either downright hostile or curiously amicable.

It was some of the Iraqis and Syrians, rather than the Palestinian Arabs, who were especially nasty to the Hebrew-speaking Palestinian Jews. Fluent in Arabic, Cohen formed what he describes as "ambivalent friendships" with several medical students from Latakia and Jaffa. Even the unfriendly Iraqis and Syrians didn't make life positively unpleasant for the Jews, except on Balfour Day. Fist-fights could be expected on November 2, as Jews ignored the call to strike and went to class. That was the only

day of the year when violence was in the air, however. Otherwise, the tension was "bearable." AUB, Beirut and Lebanon were in fact idyllically safe during the period of the Arab rebellion in Palestine, where travel was so risky that twice the Jewish students had to return to Beirut after the vacation by boat.

Cohen remembers fondly the Saturday chapel services at which professors delivered talks on tolerance and mutual aid, where the recitation of the King James version of the 23rd Psalm made him wonder whether it wasn't more powerful than the Hebrew original. The services were compulsory, but non-sectarian — they were vaguely humanistic in flavour. A Jewish

musicology professor played the organ accompaniment to the hymns.

On Sundays, the Jewish students' group, "Kadmo," of which Cohen was the president, met in a hall provided by the university. Of the 200 Jews enrolled in the various faculties, about 75 belonged to Kadmo. They organized concerts, parties, lectures and excursions, and put on Hannuka plays for the Beirut Jews, a small but tight-knit community, mostly Sephardi. Cohen bonded with one of the Jewish families in the Wadi Jamil quarter. He cannot recall the local Jews being caused any trouble in those years, even when they helped

(Left) Jewish AUB students' 1942 Purim party. 'Circassian' seated at right is Ephraim Mencil, now of Health Ministry. (Right) Pharmacy class of 1943 at AUB. Third from left is Isaac Salah, now a pharmacist in Ramallah. Top row, from left: Yusef Shar, Eliahu Alexandri and Yitzhak Bravman.



to smuggle European Jews into Palestine.

COHEN'S MEMORIES of the American University are generally confirmed by Moshe Haim, another Jerusalemite who studied there at the same time. Haim, born in Manchester, England and brought here in 1922, is retired after working in the pharmaceutical division of the Ministry of Health.

He, too, says that there was no violence, except on Balfour Day. Then he thinks again and adds, "There was one other time. It was in 1935, when a Tel Aviv soccer team came up to the university to play a Lebanese team. During the night, their bus was fire-bombed. Everybody was shocked. It was condemned by everyone." Haim agrees that the university authorities treated the Jews fairly, and that whatever some of the Arab students thought of them, Kodime's activities were never disturbed. He closes his eyes and murmurs the club anthem: We are Jews, and Hebrew is our language...

An AUB graduate who is still working is Ephraim Mencil, head of the Health Ministry's pharmaceutical division. Mencil was born in Ruminnia, came to Palestine in 1932 and graduated from Tel Aviv's Herzliya Gymnasium.

He went to Beirut in 1938. "Only a fool would've gone back to Europe to go to university in the unlikely event that a university would accept him," Mencil declares. Compared with the stories he heard of anti-Semitism in European schools, the atmosphere at AUB was "like the Garden of Eden." Not only the campus, but all of Beirut was safe, policed by the French and the Moronites. Mencil and fellow Palestinian Jews studying pharmacology had to work hard for the high grades they got, but they also had leisure time to enjoy Lebanon's sweetness — they went to the beach, they went up into the mountains to ski. They made merry at Purim parties until what was happening to the Jews in German-occupied Europe became too clear and the parties stopped.

THE FUTURE Jewish doctors and pharmacists who were born in Palestine, or who were brought here as children, had it easier in many ways than those who were born in Europe and started, but could not finish, their education there. Some of them had studied at universities in Czechoslovakia, Austria and Italy and had as little as one semester left before getting their diplomas when they had to flee. They counted themselves lucky to reach Palestine, but once here it looked as if they might never be recognized as doctors.

The dean of the AUB medical school, George Miller, told each of these refugees who had already studied four or five years the same thing: if they wanted the degree of MD from AUB, he would admit them, but he wouldn't honour their European credits. They would have to start again, as freshmen. This none of them was prepared to do. They might have had to give up, they might have spent the rest of their lives as clerks, or paramedics, or laboratory assistants in Jerusalem, had it not been for R.P.F. Dupré-Latour, dean of the medical school of Beirut's St. Joseph's College, who was familiarly known as Père.

"I can see him standing in his cassock, tall and serene," says Dr. Zvi Shamir. "Père was wonderful to us." Shamir was until recently head of Hadassah's maternal and child

health unit. He still teaches public health. Born in Vienne, he had almost finished his medical studies there when the Germans arrived in 1938. He was able to escape to Palestine and for the next five years worked as a clerk in a government office in Jerusalem. It was not until the Vichy French were expelled from Lebanon, and their hold on institutions founded and run by Frenchmen was broken, that Shamir and other refugees in the same fix could be given their chance by the Jesuit Dupré-Latour.

Père was willing to honour any document the refugees had managed to salvage before their escape. They need only complete the semesters they lacked and a degree would be conferred on them. When Shamir came back to Jerusalem from his reconnaissance in Beirut in the summer of 1943, his good news spread fast among the near-doctors. By the time the school year started in the fall, 15 Jews from Palestine were signed up at St. Joseph's.

WHY WAS Dupré-Latour so helpful? None of the men who benefited from his generosity is sure, for despite his sympathy he wasn't easy to get to know. Professor Alexander Lafor, who almost finished his medical studies in Pisa and who until recently was the chief pathologist at Hadassah, speculates that Père might have been a philo-Semite or a Gaullist, or both. Whatever the reason for the priest's giving Jews like Lafor their great chance, he was "extraordinary."

Professor Edgar Auerbach agrees: "A fantastic personality...I'll always be grateful to him." Auerbach was born in Berlin,



(Above) Prof. Ephraim Mencil, Prof. Edgar Auerbach, retired Hadassah virologist. (Below) Orthopedic surgeon Prof. Haim Weinberg, Dr. Aharon Mordechai Cohen, formerly of Hadassah.



completed six out of 10 credits at the Gorman University in Prague, and is retired after having directed the vision research laboratory at

Hadassah. When he reached Palestine, Auerbach, had to earn his living at first as a manual labourer. It was a difficult experience for an in-

tellectual who missed European culture and "learned Zionism the hard way from Hitler."

As for Beirut, "it was beautiful, but dirty. I didn't enjoy finding cockroaches in the bathroom. It was a Levantine city. Its culture was superficial. And the level of teaching at St. Joseph wasn't up to German standards — teaching was by rote, maybe for the sake of the Arab students. The level at AUB was said to be higher, and maybe it was."

WHY DID Miller of AUB insist that the refugees start over, effectively preventing them from enrolling? Had the university's policy become anti-Semitic by the early 1940s?

A Palestinian Jew who was admitted to AUB to study medicine at the time rejects the idea. Professor Haim Weinberg, an orthopedic surgeon, was born in Russia in 1921 and brought to Palestine in 1925, making him to all intents and purposes a sabra. Educated at the Herzliya Gymnasium, he began his medical studies in 1940, interrupting them for a time to serve in the Palmach. Sitting in an office in the sleek Hadassah hospital on Mt. Scopus dressed in a surgical gown after his morning operations, Weinberg has a reasonable explanation for the American University's failure to welcome the refugees with open arms.

"AUB had its standards to think of. Don't forget it had an 'A' rating from the Association of American Medical Schools. That meant that if you held an AUB degree, you didn't have to pass additional tests to be licensed in the U.S. If Miller had let

in every refugee student and let him complete a semester here, a semester there, it would've upset everything. Look, it's the same at any top-rank medical school. Do you think the Hadassah medical school today honours any and all credits of transferring students? In fact, how many transferring students does it admit? No, there was no obstructionism at AUB, no official anti-Semitism. Maybe they didn't love Jews, but they were fair to the end."

AS YOU WOULD expect from a group of Israelis who have a higher education, who are not young and who are mostly Ashkenazi, the majority of these men who studied in Beirut and thank their stars for it think that the IDF thrust all the way to that city last year was stupid and/or immoral.

"I couldn't bear watching those pictures of our army pounding Beirut night after night," says one doctor. "And for what? To wipe out the PLO? We haven't wiped out the PLO." Another doctor says that while the government judged well when it bombed the Iraqi atomic reactor, it made a misjudgement when it sent the IDF into Beirut.

The typical response to last year's war — typical of both AUB and St. Joseph's graduates, doctors and pharmacists alike — is one compounded of sadness and anger. Prof. Weinberg is in the minority on this, but he is undisturbed when informed of it. He simply shakes his head and repeats that there was no choice but to take the war against the terrorists into the city where he learned to drink orak and eat mezze 40 years ago.

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THIS IS A paperback edition, brought out in Johannesburg, of a hardcover book published in England by Faber and Faber in 1981. That it should have been reproduced in South Africa is rather surprising, since it undoubtedly glorifies the struggle of the blacks — supported by the outlawed African National Congress of South Africa — to break white rule in what was then Rhodesia.

The book deals with the second Chimurenga (War of Resistance). While it is obviously very dangerous to draw direct and simple analogies between one country and another, there are clearly many lessons to be learned about the nature of resistance movements, or guerrillas, or terrorists, or underground fighters, or whatever you choose to call them. Even allowing for the differences between countries, some aspects of revolutionary struggle clearly emerge as having wider applications.

ROBERT G. MUGABE, the Prime Minister of Zimbabwe, writes in a Foreword that the First Chimurenga of 1896-7 was a "non-violent or sabotage-oriented form of national struggle." The Second Chimurenga was initiated, he says, by a conscious decision of the Zimbabwe African People's Union (ZAPU) to initiate an armed revolutionary struggle. They created a national liberation army.

As in almost all peoples engaged in underground struggle, there was an underground group, the Zimbabwe African People's Union (ZAPU), which was to come into bitter conflict with ZANU about ideology and methods, as well as about personalities.

The training and theories of ZAPU were inspired by the Soviet Union, those of ZANU by China. The techniques taught were completely different. Those who went to Russia were trained to engage in pitched battles with the whites; those who went to China were taught a strategy which said, "If you want to win a revolution it is not only a revolution of the gun but a revolution of mobilizing the masses."

Two particularly significant bat-

Ian's black comedy



THE STRUGGLE FOR ZIMBABWE by David Martin and Philip Gillon. Raven Press, 35 Jorissen Street, Johannesburg 2001. 378 pp. Price not stated.

Philip Gillon

les took place early in the struggle. On April 28, 1966, ZANU forces were beaten in the Battle of Sinoia, and seven of them were killed. In July, 1967, a joint force of ZAPU and African National Congress men, numbering 70, were engaged by the white Rhodesians in the Wankie area. Thirty-one were al-

legedly killed and an equal number captured.

Thereafter, the Chinese philosophy came to dominate the resistance. The aim was "to swim like a fish in the sea," to make it impossible for the white Rhodesians to distinguish between active, trained enemy fighters and other blacks who were first passive members of the population, going about their daily lives. Meanwhile the guerrillas would hit and run, kill a soldier here or there, and disappear.

Punitive measures by the white Rhodesian soldiers played right into the hands of ZANU. Collective punishments imposed on villages swelled the number of those who

had not been acting but who had nothing to lose, after the destruction of their homes, and so joined the underground forces. No recruiting drive was as effective as indiscriminate reprisals and savage counter-measures. By "collective fines," such as seizures of cattle, wiping out villages in regions considered "hostile," and moving people into safe zones and so to deprive guerrillas of food and bases, the whites were working overtime to make their own defeat inevitable. What might have been a rebellion of the few became a revolution of the entire people.

MOST AMAZING of all was the complacency of the white man's god, Ian Smith, and of other Rhodesians responsible for keeping order. Smith's statements read like black comedy — or, perhaps I should say, white comedy. On December 21, 1972, he told the Salisbury Rotary Club, "I have been taken to task in certain quarters for describing our Africans as the happiest Africans in the world, but nobody has been able to tell me where there are Africans who are happier — or, for that matter, better off — than in Rhodesia." A few hours later Altona Farm was attacked.

In January, 1973, the Minister for Justice, Law and Order, Desmond Lardner-Burke, told the *Financial Gazette* that the security forces were now on top of the situation and would surely win. This provoked a response from Dr. Edson Sithole, who was a secret member of ZANU, that the guerrillas could not be defeated because they held the initiative as to when to fight and what targets to pick, and because they had the support of the people. White politicians had to come to terms with African aspirations if there was to be peace, he insisted. Lance Smith, Minister of Internal Affairs, and P.K. van der Byl, the Minister of Information, contributed their quota of over-optimistic and asinine reassurances to the whites, asserting that the security forces had the measure of the guerrillas, who would be swiftly overcome. "Good old Smithy" said in July, 1974, "I have no hesitation in saying that it is impossible for the

terrorists to secure a permanent foothold in Rhodesia. Not only will we clear this lot out in the short-term, but, when our long-term plans are completed, we will be able to prevent any future similar recurrence."

As the resistance continued unabated, the repression grew ever more ferocious: more people were killed, tortured, hanged, imprisoned without trial and moved from one area to another. Inevitably, such measures were useless. Smith went on issuing his comforting placebos to a nation in need of radical surgery.

In fact, the strange thing is that Smith did so long after he knew that the position was hopeless. He was talking rot about preserving "this Christian civilization which our forefathers brought with them when they pioneered this country and settled here for all time," when international pressure was so intense, and the resistance so clearly unbroken, that white surrender was inevitable.

IT DOES not follow, of course, that every country in which there is some form of national resistance must go the way white Rhodesia went. The white Rhodesians can claim with some justice that they were betrayed by Margaret Thatcher, whose first election they hailed with such delight, by Dr. Henry Kissinger, who intervened as an impartial peacemaker on the side of the blacks, and, above all, by the realistic South African government, which abandoned them when the cause was lost. Other countries may be stronger economically and better led than Rhodesia was. But one clear lesson does emerge: winning a battle against terror, without dealing with the national and other causes of the resistance, cannot win a war.

It is a thousand pities that the current news of what is happening in Zimbabwe is so sombre. It is clear throughout history that a nation, attaining some national or revolutionary goal, has not thereby attained Utopia, and that it may still be tormented by the revival of old quarrels or the creation of new discord.

IT'S ALWAYS a gastronomic adventure to try a new ethnic dish, and a real bonus if it's worth the family's approval. Two new Penguin ethnic cookbooks have recently appeared, and have numerous recipes that can be readily adopted for the Israeli cooking/melting pot.

Catharine Brown, who wrote *Scottish Regional Recipes*, is Scots by birth and upbringing. She reminisces nostalgically about the native foods found in sea and fields: the succulence of whelks and crabs, and the rich, juicy beef and game puddings, which her grandmother served thick and savoury with vegetables in steaming bowls.

Each recipe includes a picturesque description of the area from which the foods are produced, plus a comment on the taste treat in store for the diner. Although such native fare as Angus beef and Fife min haddock are listed, Israeli beef and fish can be readily substituted for them, and still retain enough of the original flavour and aroma. But the emphasis is mostly on fairly inexpensive filling foods that are available also in Israel, such as potatoes, turnips and oatmeal dishes. They provide hot, hearty fare for people combating their rugged environment and wet, cold climate. LESLEY CHAMBERLAIN'S *The Food and Cooking of Russia* is both a

Chuckwagon chefs

SCOTTISH REGIONAL RECIPES by Catharine Brown. Harmondsworth, Penguin, 144pp. £2.95.

THE FOOD AND COOKING OF RUSSIA by Lesley Chamberlain. Harmondsworth, Penguin, 330 pp. £3.95.

THE NATURAL SNACK COOKBOOK by Jill Pinkwater.

Anne Wolfson

cookbook and a brief history of Russian cuisine, customs, conventions, and of how the various dishes evolved or were adopted.

The rich, choice collection of recipes provides dishes representative of the many influences in Russian food, especially the French, Church and lately, the Revolution, which has stressed quantity rather than gourmet quality.

One Russian dish that lends itself for adaptation in Israel, especially for bar mitzvas and other festive occasions, is the *Zakuski*, which resembles the *shnitsel* — in-

troduced by Peter the Great as part of his Europeanizing and modernizing of Russia. This particular groaning board includes salted and pickled fish, apples, potatoes, preserved meats and sausages (beef can be substituted for pork), cheese and dairy products and dark rye.

FOR THOSE who, powerless, sweet toothers who must have their sweet desserts and *nashers*, yet worry about expanding waistlines, tooth decay and diabetes, there's a sweet treat in store for them: *The Natural Snack Cookbook* by Jill Pinkwater. The 151 recipes are all made with

healthful, wholegrain, non-processed, non-sugar, non-chocolate ingredients. Instead, only wholesome, honey, carob and other pure ingredients available in Israel are featured. There are also delicious recipes for baking a whole pumpkin and utilizing the nutritious pumpkin seeds. (This hard-covered book is available from Scholastic Inc., 730 Broadway, New York City 10003.)

MOST OF us are acquainted with gelatine only as a shimmering sweet finicle to a meal, but *The Grand Performer* reveals the versatility of this powdered protein in an array of dishes, including appetizers, salads, entrées, and dazzling desserts, most of which are lower-in-calorie dishes. Since gelatine has been proven to promote healthy non-brittle and non-spilling nails, this hard-covered, colourful, spiral-bound book is a welcome addition for the home library.

FOR A really special treat, there's the *Red River's Round-Up Cookbook* — a tribute to the Old Western Cowboys and their chuckwagon chefs who roamed the range with them.

The chuckwagon was the commissary and kitchen, and contained, in its well-arranged storage space,

all the food, water, utensils, fuel, fire kit, tools, bedrolls, extra gear and what not to keep the cowboy satisfied on his long lonely stretches on the plain. The chuckwagon served also as social centre and, sometimes, as hospital and clinic.

All the recipes included in *Red River's Round-Up* are the authentic ones that the chuckwagon cook prepared on the open fire. It includes the various steaks and stews and dumplings, fried fish, frijoles (refried beans), rice, potatoes, and things that come in cans. There are also he-man sourdough biscuits, flapjacks, slapjacks, cornbread, and such sweets as fried pie, sweet potato pie and son-of-a-bitch-in-a-snick. Believe it or not, there are even assorted coffee recipes: Lonosome Coffee, Greenhorn Coffee and Cow Camp Coffee.

Red River's Round-Up's appearance also bears the weather-beaten, rugged cowboy motif. It is printed on heavy tan paper and sprinkled with bold western woodcuts and authentic western black/white photos of actual chuckwagon scenes. There is a sturdy, dusky-hued photograph of a chuckwagon's larder.

(The book is featured in the Neiman-Marcus Christmas catalogue and can be bought directly from N-M, Dallas, Texas 75201)

THERE ARE few things that American comic novelist Thomas (Little Big Man, Neighbours, etc.) Berger enjoys more than using a much-cherished myth as a pin-cushion. This time around, with the wicked glee of a nasty youth pulling wings off of flies, Berger takes on the sweet Andy Hardy world of small-town America in the mid-1930s.

It's a world where everything is neat and orderly, where everyone knows everyone else, and where only the occasional misfit has dreams of anything bigger. One restless type, for example, spends his spare time in the public library, "doing research into various subjects that interested him: the extraction of gold from seawater, Asiatic techniques for training the will, magnetism, and the Pope's secret plan to introduce into the non-Catholic areas of the world an army of secret agents whose mission it was to poison the public reservoirs."

It's also that long-gone world

Murdered myth

THE FEUD by Thomas Berger. New York, Delacorte Press, 265 pp. \$13.95.

S.T. Meravi

where two teenaged brothers would sit up late at night in their shared bedroom and seriously discuss their most secret aspirations:

"In the Foreign Legion they give you a false name, and it is an unspoken rule that nobody will ever ask what your real one is or where you're from or what you did before coming there. If you're killed, you'll be buried in the trackless sands of the Sahara, lost to the outside world, but you might get awarded the Croix de Gvaire post-humously."

"What's that?"

"A medal given by the French Army. They kiss you on both cheeks if you receive it while alive."

"Tony winced in revulsion. 'Sounds like the Fruit Army.' He would prefer the Mounties. 'How far is it from here to Canada?'"

"Jack said, 'Gee, I don't know. But I do know that at one place it's real close to the American border: Niagara Falls. In fact I think I read once that Niagara Falls are really in Canada.'"

"That can't be right," said Tony. "Niagara Falls have always been American. Somebody's trying to pull a fast one." It occurred to Tony that sometimes brainy people like Jack were easy to fool: just give them something out of the ordinary to think of and they'd believe anything, just for the novelty of it."

FORTUNATELY not too many of the citizens of Berger's rival towns of Hornbeck and Millville have much out of the ordinary to think

Redundant rabbi

THE RABBI'S LIFE CONTRACT by Marilyn Greenberg. Doubleday, New York, 231 pp. \$14.95.

Bernard Wasserstein

ing him well-meant stupid advice, but most concerned not with his problems but with the writers' own. There is the hur mizva boy's mother, concerned that her son might stutter; the "friend" who writes: "Call me...Leave your message on my machine"; and Mrs. Blossom Kelhowsky, who inquires "Why do you and the cantor not wear the beautiful white robes which I donated a goodly sum to see...and also, I personally told the cantor if I wanted to hear opera, I'd go to the

opera... And also, our new prayer book is a Chinese menu as far as I'm concerned. I can't make heads or tails of it."

BUT THIS is more than just another satire on American Jewish vulgarity. Marilyn Greenberg deftly etches the subtle changes of mood, the strange combinations of hope and despair, passivity and frenetic action, hatred and compassion through which the rabbi's wife runs as she tries to cope with the sudden transition from *rebbetzin* to outcast. She mingles moments of pathos without sentimentality, and even (a considerable achievement) weaves in a sermon that is readable, moving and believable.

Some of the characters are perhaps not fully rounded, though

about; they're too busy pursuing their own rotten little lives. That is, until Dorf Beeler of Hornbeck has his little run-in with Bud Bullard of Millville. Soon their respective families are out for each other's blood, and in a plot loaded with twists, the feud will involve an aggregation of small-town gothics with munitioners like Herkimer, Hoople, Kel, Clem, Clive, Cox, Krum, Durkey, Dorfman, Munsemeyer, Munphrey, DeWeese, Wessel, Wurzel, Willig and others too numerous to list.

With everyone well-armed with ignorance, bluster and an eagerness to misunderstand, it's inevitable that general havoc will ensue. If it all weren't so funny one might be depressed into thinking this an apt parable of the Hatfields and the McCoys up in the Shovel Mountains. One also might be moved to wonder what hope can exist for Israel and the Arabs if two mirror-image villages in pastoral America can't get along.

Marilyn Greenberg seems to have the knack (unusual in first novels) for producing what E.M. Forster calls "flat" characters (one-dimensional beings, essential to the story, whose further elaboration would unduly complicate the narrative). The plot develops a little too slowly, and there are some loose ends left dangling at the end (whatever did happen to Kevin Nussbaum, the Jewish-Buddhist hippy who flutters in his robes around the edges of the various horrific *shinchas* in the communal social hall?). But we are treated to a superbly ironic denouement (unfortunately disclosed on the dustjacket), in which the rabbi officiates at the funeral of the leader of the opposition.

Marilyn Greenberg writes with a sensitivity to language, to human emotions and to the mixture of humour and ugliness in collective human behaviour, which leaves one longing for her next novel.

Max is one of Howard Fast's best novels.

The mogul

MAX by Howard Fast. New York, Houghton Mifflin, 375 pp. \$15.95.

Jennie Tarabulus

THE YEAR is 1890. Twelve-year-old Max, brash son of poor immigrant parents, suddenly finds himself sole support of his mother and five younger brothers and sisters left penniless when the father drops dead of overwork.

From then on, Max Britzky, colourful protagonist of Fast's new novel, never deviates from a pragmatic philosophy of not selling his labour.

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ELIMU II JAWRY, during the years covered by this book — namely 1791 to 1860 — represented a uniquely successful case of social integration and acculturation. They provided a model for the rest of Europe. The French Revolution had granted full civil emancipation at one blow in 1791, and in spite of the regressive *decret infame* of 1807, Napoleon I had consolidated its work, and provided French Jewry with a centralized, hierarchical organization in the Consistories.

With the abolition of communal autonomy and the old juridical sanctions by the Revolution, the emergence of the *Consistoires* was especially important; they provided a centre of collective activity and identification for Jews, confronted for the first time in European history with the possibility of full participation in an open society. But if the Consistories offered a frame of reference for the community of *Juifs français*, they did so at the price of separating religious and national, spiritual and political components in the history of Israel. Napoleon I, following in the footsteps of Jacobin emancipation and using the Sahebman, hoped in this way to eliminate the vestiges of Jewish particularism, and transform the *Juifs français* into fully fledged, assimilated, patriotic citizens.

EVENTS DID not, however, follow this prescribed pattern, and social integration did not necessarily lead to the abandonment of Jewish identity, in spite of the centrifugal trends at work in French society. Indeed, the main thrust of this fascinating study is to explain why a new Jewish consciousness, modern, political and oriented towards the concept of *Kol Yisrael arevin zeh le-zeh* (unto of the Alliance Israélite Universelle) should have first crystallized precisely in France where, since 1789, Jews were offered everything as individuals and "nothing as a nation."

Professor Gratz underlines this paradox by pointing out that, in pre-1860 French society, there was no wild anti-Semitism, no persecution

The French model



HA-PERIPHERIA HA'TTA LA-MERCAZ, Praqim B-Toldot Yatzadut Tsarfat (From Periphery to Centre, Chapters in 19th History of French Jewry) by Michael Gratz. Jerusalem, Mossad Bialik, 340 pp. No price stated.

Robert S. Wistrich

of the kind that did later develop during the Dreyfus Affair, and which might account for the emergence of a Jewish proto-nationalism. His own approach, pioneering both in its methodology and content, is to examine the dialectic between the centre (the Parisian Jewish establishment) and the periphery (those Jews outside the organized Jewish community), between the Christian majority and Jewish minority in the general framework of the nation-state, and also within specific subcultures in French society (for in-

stance, within liberal-republican circles, the Saint-Simonian sect etc.). His argument turns on the assumption that, on the margins of French and Jewish society, the basis of a new ideology, which inspired the foundation of the *Alliance Israélite* in 1860, gradually developed. The periphery eventually conquered the centre, as a result of internal Jewish and general historical trends in French society, but the changes, as the author himself suggests at the end, were minimal. The universalist, republican enthusiasm of the Alliance founders was easily contained and domesticated by the French Jewish establishment just as later its philanthropic activities abroad could be readily combined with the aims of French foreign policy.

However, what is more significant than its subsequent fate — at least for the author's analysis — is the unique synthesis of Jewish particularism and universalism in the

original ideology and programme of the AIU. Gratz's major contribution is to show how this emerged from the encounter between such marginal French Jewish intellectuals as Joseph Salvador, Eugene Manuel and Jules Carvalho and enlightened, liberal-republican Frenchmen, equally removed from a practising Catholic faith. This social and intellectual confrontation, like the earlier association of Jews and non-Jews in the Saint-Simonian movement, created the context in which new ideological conceptions could flourish. Jews who were proud of their origins, and unwilling to accept the Christian colouring of Saint-Simonian messianism, or the "inferiority" of Hebrew monotheism to Christian revelation (as expounded in racial terms by the liberal Ernest Renan), were obliged to search for new ways to justify the legitimacy of a continued Jewish existence.

Some, like Joseph Salvador, went back to Mosaic legislation to argue that the Hebrews had created the first "modern" republic and the most progressive social legislation in the world; and that ancient Israel should be the political model for a reformed social order based on the monotheistic principle of unity. Others, who came from the Saint-Simonian school, stressed the Jewish roots of messianic universalism and, as in the case of the Pereire brothers (Sephards from Bordeaux), succeeded in translating their idealism into practical, entrepreneurial success. As Gratz shows, the banking system, the industrial revolution and the democratization of credit owed a great deal to Jewish initiative — especially under the July Monarchy of Louis Philippe and Napoleon III's Second Empire — and provided a solid material basis for Jewish integration.

ESPECIALLY INTERESTING is Gratz's treatment of the Rothschilds, both the myth and the socio-economic reality behind their dominance of *la haute finance*, as it influenced Jews and non-Jews alike. Conservative rather than in-

novatory in the industrial and financial spheres, but remarkably adaptable and also sensitive to their role in the Jewish world, the French Rothschilds acquired a political influence which made them the address in internal and international Jewish affairs. The Consistory took no major action without consulting them, and the "periphery," too, would have achieved little had not the Rothschilds already made Paris a centre of international importance, and proved capable of intervening (as in the Damascus affair and other episodes) on behalf of persecuted Jews.

In practice, as Gratz demonstrates, the Rothschilds and the Consistory fulfilled most of the functions that the periphery later sought to execute in the framework of a new international Jewish organization. The former preferred, however, the established methods of *shadlani* (secret diplomacy behind the scenes) whereas the post-1848 generation of younger, republican Jews wanted to arouse public opinion, and to assume a higher profile in combining distinctive Jewish politics with French universal ideals. By concluding the story in 1860 at the height of the era of liberal optimism in Europe, Gratz preserves the essential unity of the period running from the emancipation to the establishment of the Alliance.

Subsequent developments under the Third Republic, which were to reveal a very different pattern of interaction between France's society and its Jewish minority — one with increasingly tragic consequences — clearly lie beyond the scope of the book's enquiry. Nevertheless, one cannot help wondering how well the author's conceptual model would fit a French and a Jewish society undergoing gradual disintegration both at the centre and the periphery. What is certain is that Professor Gratz's approach provides us with a new and illuminating way of understanding not only 19th century French Jewry but also the relationship between assimilation and Jewish national consciousness.

IF THERE is a basis for belief in the existence of a national spirit, the proof may be found in the intellectual make-up of the Arabs, who have been devoted to poetic expression throughout their long literary history. Even political speeches were a cross between poetry and prose, through the use of *safo*, or rhymed prose, which became hallowed in the Koran. To this day Arab *imams*, or preachers, throughout the Arab world resort to this device to instruct and edify as well as to incite and inflame.

It was the enlightened Zoroastrian Persians who administered a literary booster to the Arabs. "Their aesthetic temperament," writes the late American-Chinese historian Philip Hitti in his *History of the Arabs*, "was a sorely needed element in the cultural life of the Semitic Arabs." The first prose work to appear in Arabic was the matchless *Kalila wa-Dimna* (It was required reading in the Jewish schools in Baghdad); it collection of fables and parables by the Indian sage Bidpai, rendered into Arabic from the Pahlavi (Middle Persian) translation, which itself was taken from the Sanskrit original (third century).

For its part, the youthful Persian writer, the *Al-Buhārī*, was turned at the stake on charges of religious blasphemy. Another Persian, much more famous, *The Ar-*

A glimpse of Tantal

AL-QISSA AL-QASIRA 'INDA YAHOUID EL-IRAQ (Short Stories by Jewish Writers from Iraq, 1924-1978), collected and edited with notes and introduction by Professor Shmuel Moroh, Jerusalem, Magnes Publications, the Hebrew University, 301 pp. No price listed.

Elihu Khazoum

Nights, made the name of Haroun el-Rashid known throughout the world.

The Arabs, however, steadfastly refused to yield to what Coleridge termed "that willing suspension of disbelief... which constitutes poetic faith."

More than a century had to pass before the first important collection of short stories appeared in Egypt in 1917. This coincided with the British occupation of Iraq. Thanks to the Jews, a cadre of short story writers emerged in one. They had behind them two generations of Western, mainly French, influence — since 1864 when the first Alliance school was established in Baghdad.

Short stories similar to the sentimental episodes by the Lebanese

American Khalil Gibran (Gibran) began to appear in the early Twenties.

This debt to the Jews was first acknowledged in the mid-Fifties by the Iraqi critic Abdul Qader Amin. Anwar Shaul, who in 1930 published the first volume of Iraqi short stories, *First Harvest*, was singled out for special praise. "It was by this hook and others that Mr. Shaul paved the way for the emergence of the Iraqi short story," asserts Amin.

I HAVE read better stories than the ones included in this anthology, but the editor could not have made a better choice than "Tantal," by the youngest Iraqi writer, Samir Naqqash (b. 1938), who was educated in Israel from age 13. It is also the longest in this collection of 20 short stories. With some pruning it would not shame the great Egyptian Najib Mahfouz. It reminds one of E.M. Foster's haunted and haunting story "The Silent," which Naqqash has probably never read.

Tantal, the shadowy and elusive protagonist of the story, is a Protean figure who makes weird, unexpected appearances in various guises. His object is to confuse, confound, mock, shoop, scurr, pilk and obfuscate. Often he descends to un-

shushed rihaldry, and at times he swiftly changes sides when he seems to be in cahoots with the wicked. No child in Baghdad was unaware of Tantal's exploits and all were awed, charmed and intrigued by this fascinating combination of djinn, ogre and leprechaun.

This realistic, autobiographical tale is in three parts, first "Baghdad, 1946," which gives a nostalgic description of upper middle class Jews living in palatial mansions in Baghdad which Naqqash knew as a little boy, when his grandmother first told him of Tantal's exploits.

The second part, "Israel in the Fifties," depicts life in the *ma'abarot* or transit camp, to which Naqqash was catapulted after he left Iraq with his family. Part three, "Israel 1970," finds him a "multi-storied cube," a stone's throw from his former *ma'abarot* tent.

The transition is done in a masterfully smooth manner, with the ubiquitous presence of Tantal, making the story a veritable cliffhanger. At the end we are left with the tantalizing question whether the narrator succeeded at long last in catching a glimpse of Tantal, who thus repays his young devotees who trust in him and believe in his existence.

This is an example of what a gifted writer can do with a folk tale. Compared to many other stories in the anthology, it is like a painting versus a black-and-white

photograph. Another example of such writing is the well-known folk story by Miriam Mulla, one of the two women writers included (the other is Esperance Cohen) who is represented by her story "Decency," feigning depicting the compassion of an Arab police guard in a Mandatory prison in Jaffa.

Except for some of the stories written in Israel, there is a conspicuous lack of Jewish themes. To paraphrase Heine, the writers all seemed bent on gaining "an entrance ticket to Iraqi culture." This was important to those who were ambitious, since in Iraq there were almost no conversions. Arab society looked askance at conversion by the People of the Book.

This attitude is reflected in the story of one of two known conversions. Moshie was the head of a section in the Department of Posts and Telegraphs, and after his conversion and obligatory pilgrimage to Mecca, he was known among his Arab friends as "Hajji Moshie," though his name had been officially changed to Moussa.

The irony is that Mecca has been barred to the Jews since the time of the second Caliph Omar who died 12 years after the Prophet Mohammed. After the exodus of the Jews from Iraq, the unrequited Moshie/Moussa also had to leave Baghdad, even though he was a bona fide Hajji.

THIS IS the second volume of Elihu Elath's 1200 pages plus personal record of the diplomatic struggle in the United States which preceded the establishment of the State of Israel in May, 1948 (the first volume, of 457 pages, appeared in 1979). Elath was evidently a diplomat with a sense of history, who set aside parts of each day in order to record its events. The result is very much a personal memoir, at times too lengthy and heavy going, for this reviewer at least.

The issues under debate are familiar enough, and opposing schools of history — "State Department" and "White House" — have drawn cudgels. Put briefly, the debate concerns the motives underlying American support (when given) for the Zionist cause. Was Truman moved primarily by purely humanitarian considerations, or more by cynical interest in the domestic Jewish vote? Did the State Department deliberately sabotage the President's policy (over Trusteeship, in March, 1948), or did they simply misjudge political repercussions at home? In short, is the familiar portrait painted by Zionist historiography — of Judeophile friends of Zionism (Truman), and demoted, anti-Semitic opponents (Bevin) — authentic history, or caricature?

ALTHOUGH ELATH presents us with frequent illustrations of the electoral power of American Jewry, at least as perceived by the Democratic Party, President Truman emerges as a man drawn to the Zionist cause primarily by moral and religious sentiment. In contrast, the British are type-cast as the villains, the British Foreign Office working in tandem with the State Department. The popular stereotypes about Bevin are trotted out once more: "intolerant of other's views, egocentric, dogmatic." According to Elath, after Bevin had failed to solve the Palestine problem, he developed an anti-American, anti-Semitic complex which remained with him until his dying day. Bevin's refusal to cooperate, in implementing the UN Partition plan, was allegedly an attempt to sabotage the American-Soviet agreement, and force the international community to resort ultimately to the British, i.e. Bevin's plan. Research into recently opened British documents (of which Elath himself has not taken advantage), has produced a more balanced, sober view.

But the central theme of Elath's book is the intrigue-ridden world of Washington politics, with its various lobbies and pressure-groups. One of the great unsung heroes of the American Administration was David Niles, who has been called the Zionists' "Walling Wall." The son of Jewish immigrants, Niles advised both Presidents Roosevelt and Truman on minority problems. He made himself available to Elath, night or day, to listen to Zionist tales of State Department machinations and, presumably, to carry the awful truth to the President, who then countermanded that Department's pro-Arab tendencies.

Yet there is another facet of Niles' role, one which does not appear in Elath's story, but which emerges clearly from the records of Truman's White House staff, now in the Truman archives. Niles was not very much liked by his colleagues at the White House (because he was a Jew). He was a furtive, secretive man, whose self-projected image as Truman's right-hand man presumed more prestige than he actually co-

A difficult birth



THE STRUGGLE FOR STATEHOOD, WASHINGTON 1945-1948, Vol. 2, January 1947 — 15 May, 1948 by Elihu Elath. Two parts, Tel Aviv, Ami Oved, 785 pp. + index. No price stated.

Michael J. Cohen

joyed. His pro-Zionism was predictable, and his advice at staff meetings the less valuable for it. But more than that, via-vis the Zionists, he was very much of a "front man," who deflected Zionist attacks against the White House on to the "wicked" State Department.

During the first months of 1948, with the Cold War simmering in Eastern Europe, the Zionists discerned clearly, though they never quite understood, the mechanics of the American retreat from the UN Partition Resolution. David Niles explained to Elath that the president was not a free agent, and could not always get his own way against the State Department. (With all the differences, one is reminded of Kissinger's subterfuges during the first days of the Yom Kippur war, when the U.S. Defence Department was assigned the role of villain.) Yet, as Niles reassured Elath, Truman would never be deflected from his humanitarian interest in the migration of the 100,000 Jewish D.P.s to Palestine, and would never go back on his support for a Jewish State in Palestine.

NILES' REASSURANCES, however sincerely given, have not stood up under historical examination. Truman's own memoirs, published in 1956, stated quite clearly that his support for the settlement of the D.P.s did not involve the establishment of a Jewish State in Palestine. (Vol. 2, *Years of Trial and Hope*, p. 140.) More recent research has revealed that on 15 May, 1948, i.e. on the day after he granted recognition to the State of Israel, Truman wrote a private letter to Bartley Crum (a member of the Zionist lobby, who had been one of the American members of the Anglo-American Committee of Enquiry in 1946), stating that he, Truman, still preferred the solution proposed by that committee (a bi-national state), and hoped that it

would one day work out that way. (Zvi Gurnin, *Truman, American Jewry, and Israel, 1945-1948*, p. 187.) But on this point, Elath the diplomat is not challenged by Elath the historian.

THERE WERE several aspects of American policy, prior to May, 1948, which it is difficult to square with the president's alleged sympathy for the Zionist cause. One of the most painful, and potentially fatal, was the arms embargo imposed by the Americans on the Middle East at the beginning of December, 1947. As everyone well knew, the embargo affected the *Yishuv* primarily, since the Arabs continued to receive arms from the British, under existing contracts. When Niles was asked by Elath to urge the president to relax the restrictions, the former replied that, at a time of extreme crisis between East and West, the Americans had to try to invert the spread of local wars in sensitive areas such as the Middle East.

Another White House aide, again a Jew, Judge Sam Rosenman, told Elath that the president regarded the problem posed by the remnant of the Holocaust as a moral challenge to the Christian world, and as such it was detached from all questions of political advantage — even if at times the President was forced to deviate from his chosen course.

Such comforting words from the direction of the White House seem to have assuaged the Zionist lobby, as they undoubtedly were intended to do. But they proved of little use to the *Yishuv*, which since the morning of the UN Resolution had been fighting, and losing, its War of Independence. (The losses suffered by the *Yishuv* between December, 1947, and April, 1948, in what has been called the "the battle for the roads," are nowhere mentioned by Elath. To a visit he himself paid to Palestine in April, 1948, he devotes a mere half dozen lines.)

A further setback for the Zionist cause was the American proposal, before the UN Security Council on 19 March, 1948, that the UN Partition Resolution be set aside indefinitely, and replaced by a UN (i.e. British) Trusteeship. The Jewish Agency knew the State Department had been labouring in

this direction since the beginning of the year. But Elath and his colleagues seem to have been taken completely by surprise, and could not believe that such a statement could have been made without prior presidential authorisation. Their shock was the greater since, only the day before, Truman had granted Weizmann a secret audience, and reassured him of his support for partition. One school of historians, Elath included, is convinced that "the striped pants boys" of the State Department tricked Truman, and pulled off a coup behind his back. Others, who have studied the State Department documents, have concluded that Truman was privy to all the discussions on Trusteeship leading up to the March statement, and that it was the lack of timing and advance publicity which angered the White House.

ONE OF the most fascinating insights provided by Elath is into Zionist contacts with the Soviets, a grey area hitherto closed to the historian. Elath confirms previous assessments that the Soviets' support for partition was part of their global, anti-imperialist policy. Stalin's main concern was to prevent the establishment of a British military bastion in the Middle East, even at the expense of friendship of the Arabs, considered an unreliable entity in any case. Should Palestine remain a bi-national State, it would in effect become part of the British-dominated Arab world.

On the other hand, a Jewish State which arose against the wishes of Britain would be unlikely to grant military bases to the West, and would provide a spoiling element in British policy in the area, which rested itself on the Arab League.

Ironically, the Soviets and their satellites were also convinced of, and motivated by their belief in, the power of American Jewry — omph which the Zionists themselves did not try to discourage. Thus, after November, 1947, because the Soviets' poor relations with the Americans precluded harmonious cooperation at the UN, they appealed to the Zionists to exert their influence with the Americans to prevent any backsliding on the partition plan.

THE CLIMAX of Elath's account, inevitably, is provided by Truman's recognition of the infant State of Israel, at eleven minutes past 6.00 p.m. on 14 May, Washington time, i.e. at eleven minutes past midnight in Palestine, already 15 May. The first minutes of Israel's independence. There were several Zionist leaders, notably Shertok and Nahum Goldmann, who heeded to proclaim the State at the end of the British Mandate, especially when Marshall, the American Secretary of State, warned that if the Jews went ahead, against American wishes, they should not expect any American aid when the Arabs attacked. Elath reveals that this is precisely what happened, even before independence. On 11 May, 1948, with the Etzion bloc being overrun by the Arab Legion, Shertok sent a panic-stricken telegram from Tel Aviv to Elath, asking for American aid or intervention. All Elath's pleas, to the State Department, and to Niles, were unproductive; and the massacre continued until the bloc of settlements was overrun and conquered.

Some thirty years after the events, Elath discovered from the State Department documents that it

had been Nahum Goldmann who, working behind his colleagues' backs, had engineered Marshall's well-known warning. When the American section of the Jewish Agency executive rejected an American request to delay independence, Goldmann, who feared the consequences of going it alone, urged the State Department to call in Shertok and Silver and warn them off.

The prompt recognition of Israel by the United States was engineered and master-minded by Clark Clifford, Truman's right-hand man at the White House. Clifford seems to have been moved primarily by a desire to restore the president's electoral position within the Jewish community, following the setback after the Trusteeship proposal the previous March; and by the goal of pre-empting the Russians. Elath took full responsibility upon himself, and the provisional cabinet in Israel seems to have been left entirely out of the picture.

At 11.00 a.m. on 14 May (Washington time) — the precise hour at which, in the Tel Aviv Museum, Ben-Gurion was reading out Israel's Declaration of Independence — Clifford phoned Elath to tell him that if he sent in a written request for recognition, to the White House and to the State Department, it would be granted. When asked by Clifford if the new state's borders would be those prescribed by the UN Resolution, Elath confirmed that they would (in direct contradiction of Ben-Gurion's decision not to specify any borders and so allow the Hagana to improve on the UN-designated borders).

Elath had the official request drafted by 4.00 p.m. Washington time. Since he had received no further news from Tel Aviv, his letter asked for recognition for "the Jewish State" (so-called in the UN Resolution), and signed himself as the "agent of the Provisional Government." The letter had already been sent off by taxi, when news came in over the radio that the Jews had proclaimed the new State of Israel. The Jewish Agency's Press Agent, Zvi Zinder, was intercepted at the very gates of the White House, and rushed back to Elath's office. Fearing the consequences of any delay, Elath crossed out "Jewish State" and inserted "Israel," by hand, instead of having the whole letter re-typed.

THIS IS very much Elath's own personal account of events in Washington and New York. Even when Weizmann travels to his crucial meeting with Truman in November, 1947, to prevent the exodus of the Negev from the Jewish State, it is Elath who briefs him on the importance of the southern desert. Shertok appears briefly as a gifted Zionist tribune at the United Nations, and Silver is given due credit for forging American Jewry into a decisive force in support for Zionism. Ben-Gurion is barely mentioned. It is Elath himself, during the course of endless diplomatic tête-à-têtes, who unravels the mystery of other nation's policies, and who with his access to the White House aides counters the anti-Zionist machinations of the State Department cabal. Finally, it is Elath himself who single-handedly stage-manages Israel's first major diplomatic coup — the immediate recognition by the United States.

(Professor Cohen's *Palestine and the Great Powers 1945-1948* has just been published by Princeton University Press.)

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The court jesters

David Flusser

IT IS pleasant to discuss two interesting novels by a Jewish writer living in Jerusalem. Their author is Avigdor Dagan, whose former name was Viktor Fischl. His two novels were written in Czech, and translated into Hebrew.

The first of them, *The Court Jesters*, has appeared only in the Hebrew edition of Am Oved; the second was published in Munich, in Czech. Dagan himself then translated it into English, and gave it the title, *And the Clock Played a Minuet*. A Hebrew translation of the English edition was brought out by Dvir in 1982.

I provide the details for Hebrew readers, or for anyone who would like to learn Hebrew with the help of these two interesting and very worthwhile novels. Before discussing them, I'd like to say something about the author himself. Dagan is an important figure in Czech culture and literature. He began as a poet, and his lyric temperament is reflected also in his novels.

He left Bohemia at the time of the Nazi Occupation, and became the secretary in London, of Jan Masaryk, the Czech Foreign Minister. After the war he returned to Prague, but when Czechoslovakia became Communist he again left Bohemia, settled in Jerusalem, and became an Israeli diplomat. Among other posts he has held, he has been Israeli ambassador to Norway and to Austria.

Of course, I don't mean to imply that Avigdor Dagan rediscovered his Jewish roots quite late in life: he was an active Zionist from his youth. Even so, this very personal fusion of

diplomat, remarkable lyric poet, and successful novelist is unusual. It is unusual, also, that a writer able to translate his Czech novels into both German and English should know Hebrew so well. However, in the present context, the most important thing to be said about Dagan is that he writes very good novels, and that his readers like them.

Hebrew readers were enthusiastic, also, about *The Court Jesters*. I assume that it was not only the subject of the novel — the Holocaust — which interested them, but its treatment of ethical and theological problems. Dagan manages to combine themes from the Holocaust, and an evocation of Jerusalem, at a deep level. It is not just that the themes he develops are important for us because of their roots in the Holocaust and in the timeless. His characters move us, with the exception, of course, of the Nazis. A well-constructed plot and the sympathetic principal characters, are typical of all Avigdor Dagan's novels. The heroes of his Holocaust novel are all social outcasts. All four of them could be described as epic variations on the theme of the Suffering Servant in *Isaiah*. The grotesque Jewish "court jesters" of the concentration camp commandant are appropriate to the terrible plot. Yet the novel, at the same time, is a tragic idyll.

DAGAN DOES not distance himself, in his novels and short stories, from the tragic aspects of

the human condition. Tragedy is central to *The Court Jesters* but is present also in *The Minuet*. It seems to me that the two aspects of Dagan's prose (and poems) — the motif of danger, death, catastrophe, and the other motif of the human idyll — are unified because Dagan is a humanist, and cares for human life. His attitude dignifies his novels. For instance, in his Holocaust novel, the tragedy is not shrouded, yet the absurd horror is not set down there to scare the reader. In contrast, his other novel is an idyll about small-town Bohemian life, yet tragedy is not entirely absent. Dagan's optimism is never cheap.

Both novels have a narrator; in *The Minuet* the world is observed through the eyes of a child. The fact that all the novel's erotic encounters are witnessed by a child provides a kind of aesthetic sublimation both of the erotic and the tragic events.

There is a basic difference between Dagan's two novels. The novel about the Holocaust is pure fruit of creative fantasy while *The Minuet* is a poetic transformation of childhood impressions. Dagan concentrated on artistic stylization: all *The Minuet's* motifs, derived from what the author observed as a child, are subordinated to a kind of musical harmony.

Dagan's novels make a critic's task quite easy. But if the critic were to discuss the plot overmuch, he would deprive future readers of the pleasure of freely following the path Dagan has laid out for them. If I'm not mistaken, most contemporary novels are pleasant and unimportant or unpleasant and important. Dagan's novels are pleasant and important. The reader should sample them and see if I'm not right.

Paradoxical saviour

THE DEFECTION to Islam of Shabbetai Zevi, the Jewish false messiah, ruined the hopes of thousands who had prepared spiritually and physically for the return to Zion. What were his intentions? Was he merely a fraud, playing on the most fundamental of hopes which Judaism holds out to its adherents? Was he sincere in the belief that he was the anointed one of God? Or was his own belief in his destiny intermittent, and punctuated by periods of self-doubt?

In his novel, *The False Messiah*, Leonard Wolf portrays the lives of Shabbetai Zevi and those closest to him. He provides a beautiful version of how and why the events which moved and disappointed so many Jews might have occurred.

Wolf's novel, oddly enough, is more earthy and erotic than it is spiritual. His Shabbetai Zevi is carefully drawn, in all his fleshy

THE FALSE MESSIAH by Leonard Wolf, Boston, Houghton Mifflin Company. 278 pp. \$13.95.

Michelle Cameron

charm and self-seeking magnetism. Especially sensual is Wolf's picture of Sarah, the woman who believes her destiny is to be bride to the Messiah. She doesn't subdue her strong erotic impulses, her fate rather frees her to enjoy them, as she feels herself beyond ordinary morality. Wolf's novel captures both the richness and the sordidness of this period, in Europe and the East.

Does Shabbetai Zevi truly believe himself to be the Messiah? There are moments when he does. Pronouncing the never-to-be-uttered name of God on the pulpit

in his hometown, appearing before the men of Cuzat when his intermediary Nathan proclaims him the Messiah, Zevi's faith in himself at these moments is supreme. But the sensation does not last. In between, he is a superficial self-seeker, unsure of what to do next, always with a flair for the dramatic.

Wolf has done an excellent job in capturing the paradox which might have lurked within Zevi; he portrays him as both a lover of the senses and a man assured of a spiritual destiny. How does Zevi reconcile the two sides of his nature? Like the wife he marries as further proof of his messianic fate, he concludes that his advent makes forbidden things permissible. Thousands of Jews believe him, and their moral laxness during his reign makes their humiliation all the greater when their Messiah deserts them.

Shabbetai Zevi's life is rich in inherent possibilities, and Wolf has successfully tapped them to build a highly readable, intensely sensual novel.

Searching for truth

IN *All Our Vows*, Ruth Shamir has succeeded in her attempt at creating a new type of Jewish/Israeli novel.

Although born in Israel, Miri, the protagonist of *All Our Vows*, has spent the last ten years of her life in the United States, married and successful in her work.

Called back to Israel to look after the son of an ex-lover who has

ALL OUR VOWS by Ruth Shamir, New York, Shengold Publishing. 189 pp. No price stated.

Sandra Smith

recently died, Miri is unexpectedly confronted not only with modern Israeli society, but with her own identity. Returning to her homeland, she feels estranged, bal-

tered by an Israel she no longer recognizes, and Israelis she no longer cares to recognize. Yet she keeps searching for the true Israel that she once knew as she seeks the true Miri she hoped to be in Israel.

Through her protagonist, Shamir explores such issues as the politicization of the army, the mentality of Israeli men, and the materialism. In the same way that Israel is changing, Miri goes through a transformation during her visit and she sees that it might not be very easy leaving her refund homeland.



"IT'S HARD to be a consumer" used to be the title of a colleague's column in one of the Hebrew dailies. The phrase ran through my head several times last week. I had just read a consumer's diary, with apologies to Harry Kesselman for imitating his titles.

SUNDAY THE CONSUMER WENT TO CITY HALL. To start the week, I dropped into the Tel Aviv Municipality building to obtain the discount granted all parents paying the "school services fee" if they have two or more children in the city's school system. The discounts, which are given as a right, not a privilege based on need, amount to hundreds, and even thousands, of shekels to most families with school-age children. Otherwise, the time and aggravation would not be worth it.

I spent an hour-and-a-half in total waiting in two separate queues — one for high schools, the other for elementary schools. The elementary line moved quickly that morning, as there were six clerks on duty. When I asked why they could not approve the high-school reduction at the same time, I was told that it belonged to a different department. There were only two clerks taking care of the forms for high-school and pre-kindergarten discounts, so that queue moved slowly.

The crowds at the relevant fifth-floor offices in city hall were so large most of the month that a policeman had been posted to maintain order. When I finished my queuing and went to the city spokesman's office to ask if it were really necessary to employ policemen for such trivia, I was told politely, "Not all parents are as no-violent as you are." Of course not. Not all parents can vent their anger in print.

The real question, of course, is why the city hadn't programmed the relevant discounts directly into the original bills sent to parents at home. Surely the city must know how many children to each family are enrolled in its schools?

As is so common these days, the

A hard day's week

blame was placed on computer technology. Yisrael Hochwald, who is responsible for city revenue collection, told me the municipal computers had not yet been programmed to correlate the names of schoolchildren with the heads of households, although this is the second year there has been a school-services fee. Hochwald assured me the problem would be solved before the next scholastic year.

While waiting in line, I heard some disgruntled parents suggest that the city might have deliberately made it hard to obtain the discounts so that some families might decide to pay the full school fees instead. Hochwald strongly denied there was such Machiavellianism on the part of the municipality, which did not like the present bothersome arrangement any more than the public did.

When I related my morning's misadventures at home, my husband quoted a passage to me from a book he had been just reading, *Eastern Europe Between the Wars*, by H. Seton-Watson:

"The Balkan official does not like to work. He considers himself so fine a fellow that the state should be proud to support him for life and should not ask him to make efforts that will tax his intellect and character... Foreigners and citizens with *protektzia* obtain swift and prompt attention, but the people can wait. They have waited many hundreds of years already for justice and a few more hours will not make much difference."

Since we have waited 2,000 years for a Jewish state, perhaps our own officialdom assumes it will not hurt us to wait a few more hours here and there. Trouble is, those hours add up to days of frustration and take their toll in work efficiency and stress levels.

During the benzine-scarce years of World War II, automobiles in the

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

U.S. bore stickers reading, "Is This Trip Really Necessary?" (My mother pasted one above our toilet!) I would like to see such stickers in every public office, as reminders to officials to keep errand-running by citizens down to a minimum. A sticker asking, "Is This Form Really Necessary?" should be affixed to every official in-tray.

MONDAY THE CONSUMER WENT TO THE CLINIC. Our high-school nurse requires a urine test for every new pupil. So in the early hours, armed with the appropriate note from our sick fund doctor, I trudged off with my daughter's discreet little jar to a private lab that works with the fund and took myself a number. After half an hour or so of patient waiting, I realized that nearly all the people in the queue had come for blood tests, which obviously take more time than just handing in a bottle. My comment to this effect did not impress the receptionist. Finally, a lab technician stuck her head out and asked for the people with only bottles to deliver. But why wasn't this the procedure in the first place?

TUESDAY THE MILK WENT SOUR. I hadn't really needed anything urgent from my corner grocer, but I went down at 7 a.m. to return three bags of sour chocolate milk from the previous day's purchases. He took them back cheerfully.

On my way back to the flat, I fished the morning *Post* out of the mailbox and read at a glance that *Thuva* milk bags dated August 31 would be returned to grocers, because of faulty pasteurization. A

look in my fridge disclosed two bags with the dangerous date — one opened, one closed. I trotted straight back to the grocer with both bags. This time he wasn't so cheerful. He told me he had heard on the radio that such milk should be boiled, not returned; but I insisted that was the advice for milk with other dates, not for those stamped 31.8, which were clearly to be returned. Grudgingly, he exchanged the closed bag for a fresh one with a different date. I fed the remains of the open bag to the neighbourhood stray cats. Our own spoiled household cat is strictly carnivorous and wouldn't touch milk.

WEDNESDAY THE CONSUMER GOT CONFUSED. Since Hadera is outside my usual territory, I asked the management of the Co-op Tel Aviv Dan Hasharon to send me a press release about their newest and biggest Super-Shuk which was formally inaugurated there last Wednesday.

When I read it, I did a double-take. The Co-op management may know about consumer habits, but do they know their geography? The new Super-Shuk has been named *Lev Hashomron* — Heart of Samaria. In its press release, the management states this is because "Hadera is the capital of Samaria."

I ran to an official map of the country to confirm my memory that Hadera is near the Mediterranean coast, quite far from the area marked Samaria. I phoned the Co-op's public relations man to make sure the release hadn't been meant to read *Lev Hosharon*. No, the typing was correct, he said.

Next I telephoned Ze'ev Vilnay, author of the country's most famous guidebook.

"Hadera belongs to the northern Sharon, not to Shomron," he told me. Samaria is the hilly inland region, whose capital is Shechem —

in Arabic Nablus. The early pioneers in Hadera did sometimes refer to themselves as living in the Shomron rather than the Sharon, perhaps because Hadera in those days was so isolated from the southern Sharon settlements. But, said Dr. Vilnay, this was simply their ignorance of geography, not uncommon in those days. There are other examples of such mistakes, he said, such as the name of Kibbutz Negba, which is not in the Negev at all, but a good 50 kilometres north of it. Here, however, there is some excuse, he admits, because *Negba* literally means "to the Negev."

THE CO-OP spokesman continues to insist that the chain carefully considered its choice of name and even consulted with the mayor of Hadera, Yehiel Kahane, who agreed on the term "the capital of Samaria."

Curiously, the new Jewish settlements in the heart of Samaria are closer to another Super-Shuk branch, the one in Kfar Sava. There are also Co-op Super-Shuks in two Tel Aviv locations and in Beersheba. The new Hadera branch is situated at the crossroads of the "old" Hafia road and the Hadera road. It has a sales area of 3,000 sq.m., represents an investment of \$3 million, and is the 105th retail store in the Co-op Tel Aviv Dan Hasharon chain, which is the largest supermarket chain in the country. It stretches from Hadera to Eilat.

Chances are that shoppers at the new Super-Shuk, which is open continuously from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m., will not even be aware of its curious name. Most supermarkets tend to be known by their location, not by their official names, if they even have them. A well-run supermarket by any name smells just as sweet.

BY THURSDAY, this columnist was too exhausted from the rigors of being a consumer to do anything much but write this diary in time for the paper's early pre-Holiday deadline. I wish a happy and easy New Year to all my fellow consumers. — Martha Neisels